

d.c. gazette



WALLY, WHAT'S IT LIKE NOT HAVING TO RUN FOR ELECTION?

FABLE FOR DOWNTOWN THE NEXT SUPERINTENDENT

Ankers Photo

APRIL 11, 1973

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RALPH FERTIG

Fable for downtown

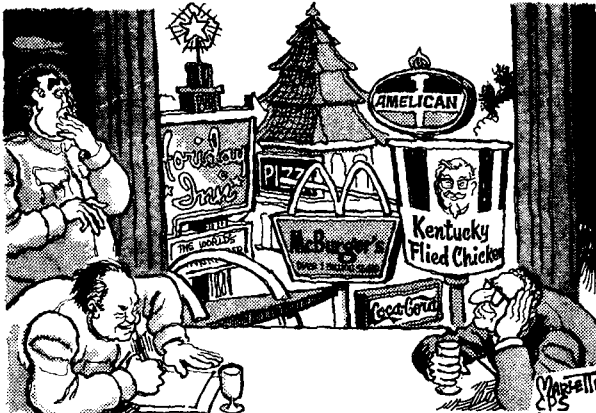
ONCE upon a time there was a kindly old dealer of old world treasures in an old shop in the old part of the capital of the Realm. For years people had come to his old shop and he and they would nod their heads about how this old part of town had become seamier and less safe. But then, the cost of space in the newer parts of town was so much higher, that the old man and his old customers knew that he could not move. And so he might have stayed there forever, but then a curious thing happened.

The Rulers decreed that a coach service would be built to bring people into the center of the old town. And the center of the new coach system would be very near the old dealer's shop in the old center of town. Now you can imagine how happy this made the old man; his customers could reach him more easily and new customers might come to him from far out in the boondocks. And the land on which his old shop stood was suddenly very valuable land, land worth as much as that on which the newest buildings stood!

The old man's joy was short-lived, however, because the town fathers looked at his land and said that it was too valuable to leave to just an old shop. They would have to buy his shop and the other old shops alongside it. And then they would tear down these little shops that give so little to the city in taxes and sell the land to a big trading company that could put up a big building and give the city lots of taxes.

At first the old man tried to join together with the other small shopkeepers to fight the city fathers, but small shopkeepers are notoriously independent. Some of them wanted to sell anyway and would want only to hold out for a higher price. Others didn't want to join a group that might cost them money or lose them some friends at the town hall or make demands on them to share some of their land or influence with "outsiders." So the old man spoke out on his own. He told everyone how vital and valuable his old treasures were, and how his customers and those whom he had reached through universities and tours had found in them a basis for understanding and love. Now if only that theme could be extended to bring together, in one place, the cultural achievements of all people, for all folks to see and learn from one another, then there could be world peace!

And the old man's words inspired others



"I MUST ADMIT, KISSINGER, YOU AMERICANS WORK FAST!"

to seek an international center on a hill in the heart of the town. What better purpose could be served at the center of the capital? So the old man went to the money lenders for the funds to rebuild the hill. To pay for the rebuilding, said the money lenders, they would have to fill up the hillside with big buildings for those international and foreign missions that needed offices. And that would help to pay for the cultural programs and for hostels for students and for open spaces and theatres and forums where people from all the offices of all the different nations could get together and learn from each other and learn to love each other and build world peace.

So then the old man turned to the advisors of the money lenders to tell him how all this could come about. And he went to the townspeople to get their support. And he went to the courtiers who were planning to celebrate the 200th Birthday of the nation to make his International Center part of the festivities.

Now among the townspeople were folks from the countries of the East who had been trying to get a cultural center to express their heritage. And there were folks from the countries of the South who wanted to be part of an International Center which would certainly include representatives from their countries. And the Folk Planning group demanded that local citizens had to be included in shaping a Center for the rest of the world on their town's land.

But the money lenders' advisors told the

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APRIL 11, 1973

old man that the new buildings would cost so much that only the richest companies could rent space in them and that there wouldn't be room for culture — international or otherwise — unless they could pay the very high prices. Nonetheless, this part of the hill was very valuable and while tall buildings should go up there, it could still be called an International Center. And the town fathers and the money lenders and the professors all agreed that it was important to bring the rich people back into the center of town. And if these people came back, wouldn't the old Center be safer for the shopkeepers?

Now the old man could make a lot more money from new office buildings than he could from his old treasures. And the people on the hill would find that their land was more valuable as it filled up with office buildings, just as he had found. So he went to The Ruler of the land to ask for the nation's support to build the International Center, so they could crown the hill above the great Avenue where the nation was constructing new public buildings for its 200th Birthday.

The Ruler of the Realm said that the top of the hill was so important, that he would ask those who were rebuilding his Grand Avenue to build up there, too, and to build it as an International Center. All the people from the center city wanted an International Center (although nobody ever told them that it was to be office buildings), so they were happy, and they went right on planning all kinds of intercultural expressions.

Then the Grand Avenue Commission presented the plans and there was no room for culture. Not unless it paid its own way. Now there was so little time left to get ready for the 200th Birthday, The Ruler scolded those who wanted to use public money for frivolities, when it could go instead to getting more taxes for the town. Besides, the tax money could be used for anything the people wanted and they could build their own cultural center, on the other side of the hills, where it wouldn't get in the way of the important people who wanted to come into town to do their business or see the sights and be safe.

The moral of the story is: Booty is in the art of the landholder.

GEORGE MASTERS

Above it all

FRIDAY afternoon is warm and sunny. General Aviation Terminal, a white, concrete, split level building, is a small piece of the National airport complex. Inside I ask a man behind the counter where I can find the WMAL helicopter.

"You from CBS?" he asks.

"No, D.C. Gazette," I answer and wonder why he asked.

"Out the door and to your left. It's in the first hanger."

Outside, the noise of landings and take-offs mixes with a soft breeze and the smell of aviation fuel and engine exhaust. The small green and white helicopter sits outside the han-

ger on the concrete parking apron. I meet Sig Lund the pilot. He is a lean man, an inch under six feet, grey hair and mustache and eyes that smile from his weathered face. Dressed in brown slacks, a light blue shirt and yellow nylon windbreaker he looks you in the eye and speaks quietly.

My scheduled flight is cancelled. A building has crashed at Baileys Crossroads and WMAL is sending down a photographer to go up in the chopper and shoot some footage for the evening news. Sig apologizes and his hair ruffles in the wind, "Sorry, but there's nothing I can do. We're waiting for the photographer now. It only fits three," and he nods at the little craft, "and with the police officer aboard there's just no room."

Officer MacDonald arrives and we shake hands and here comes the photographer with his hand held movie camera. My story on the traffic helicopter will have to wait. I back away and the rotor blades start to turn. Engine gets louder, blades turn faster and the bubble front craft rises. Hovering its tubular steel skids six feet off the ground, the chopper taxis out to a point on the edge of the parking area. Moments later it's up and heading out to the disaster area.

I try and hitch a ride up with any chopper going to the accident. Every newsman in the area is trying to get up, no luck, so I hang around and watch the air traffic. Twenty minutes later the WMAL helicopter comes in for a landing. Crouched over, I run out to meet it. As the photographer climbs out, I sign language a request to go up. Sig nods yes and I scramble in closing the small door and buckling up.

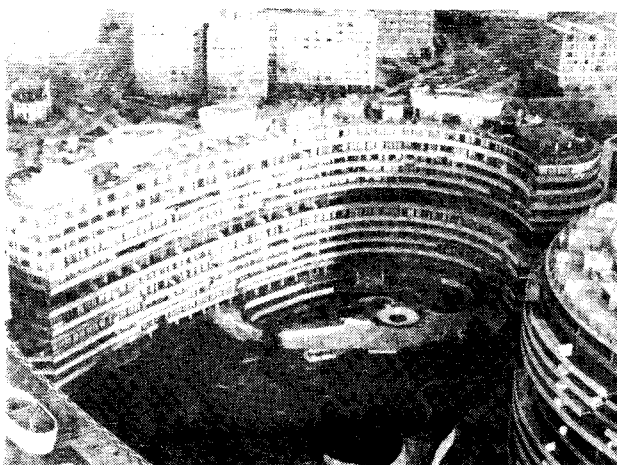
Up we lift, heading west, away from the airport. Inside the engine noise and rotor vibration is much more muted than I expect. Compared to the roar and whine of old Marine Corps Sea Knights we are almost silent.

Chuck MacDonald, traffic officer, has been riding the traffic helicopter since 1969. He smiles when he says he likes the job. In uniform, the broad shouldered, dark haired policeman wears a pair of dark sunglasses. He shakes his head in disgust and raises his voice above the engine's noise, "Three people dead, the whole building," police radio squawks a loud message, Chuck turns down the volume a bit and goes on, "The whole building, just like dominos."

Looking down you see the tops of tall buildings and small square playgrounds. On Route 95, streams of cars travel the smooth curves, and over passes. It looks so quiet and ordered below. We fly near the accident. A whole side of the building under construction has collapsed. Fallen floors overlap like rough hewn shingles. Fire trucks, ambulances and police cars are all around the scene spinning their lights. Traffic is jammed and crowds of spectators mass below.

In the blue, almost empty sky we turn away from the disaster in a slow, easy curve. Sig sits in front of the clear bubble, a set of padded grey earphones on his head. Chuck is having trouble with some of the radio equipment mounted in front of the middle seat between us. He picks up a portable radio and tries to tune in WMAL. "Can't hear this one either," he tells Sig and keeps adjusting different radio knobs.

Odd shaped patterns of housing developments and hard top parking lots drift underneath. Sig and Chuck fill their pipes and light up. Good smelling tobacco smoke drifts quietly in our aerial glass ball. We listen to choppy radio transmission on the portable and Chuck studies a map that lies folded on his blue trousered lap. A holstered revolver looks big in our cramped space.



JEANNE WALTON

The next school superintendent

THE next superintendent of the DC school system must be an advocate of the children. She must be able to remake this school system into one in which each child will find a school, a class, a teacher best suited to her unique personality and best able to foster her learning and growth. She must do this, while, at the same time, she meets the varied needs of all those who have an over-riding interest in the DC schools — the Board of Trade, the Commissioner, the City Council, and the Congress of the United States.

The next superintendent must develop a bold new plan for leading the DC school system along the road to quality education. At the same time she must preserve all rights and privileges of teachers and administrators and their organizations; she must not transfer a single child or a single employee, nor interfere with the appointment and promotion of the deserving incompetent. But she must obey the wishes, desires and commands of the members of the Board of Education whether they act as a body or as individuals.

The next superintendent must be found daily at her desk, but she must have first-hand experiences with the structure existing in every department in every school, and, indeed, in every classroom. In addition, she must have a thorough knowledge of current trends and developments in the field of public education.

The superintendent must come up with the policies and procedures for decentralizing the DC school system into small, independent units, more relevant and responsive to the communities, while at the same time, maintaining strong, central administrative control.

The next superintendent must be able to develop and coordinate long-range plans that will solve all of the ills of this school system, must work towards implementation in an organized way and devise means for evaluating the effectiveness of her program. At the same time she must deal personally and immediately with all problems brought to her by parents, staff, members of the Board and members of Congress.

The next superintendent must motivate every teacher to become a creative, innovative, accountable facilitator of learning in her classroom, must support the royal rights of principals and supervisors to control what is taught and how it is taught and must see that

all staff members carry out her administrative orders and adhere to board policies.

The next superintendent must be able to prepare an adequate budget and justify all budget items on demand. Should the city or the congress reduce the budget, the superintendent must, nevertheless, deliver high quality education to all Washington children with no cuts in programs or staff.

The next superintendent must be a change agent, developing for the district, a model urban school system, but, at the same time, she must safeguard and preserve all hallowed customs and traditions.

The next superintendent must have the confidence and/or the approval of the board, the administration, the teaching staff, the non-teaching staff, the students, the parents, the community, the commissioner, the city council, the Congress, the Board of Trade, the corporation counsel, and Julius Hobson. And she must be her own woman, unbought and unbossed.



MS. RUTH GOODWIN TELLS THE SCHOOL BOARD A THING OR TWO AS CHARLIE CASSELL LIGHTS PIPE IN BACKGROUND. SEE STORY BELOW.

SAM SMITH

Some don't think we need one

IT was, according to one school board member, a little uprising carefully organized in Upper Northeast — part of Washington's Bible Belt where Mattie Taylor applies the Scammon-Wattenburg thesis with considerable success. But whatever the origins, the protest against the school board over the departure of Superintendent Hugh Scott was real. There are plenty of people in town who don't want to see Scott go but would be happy if Marion Barry and the rest of the board would.

To them, the board represents contention, disruption and Politics; the superintendent represents continuity, status and Authority. To them the board symbolizes the evil fruits of democracy: anarchy. The superintendent represents structure and selflessness.

There were a number of them present at a meeting called March 22 by the school board's

selection committee to discuss criteria to be used in picking the new superintendent. But the better part didn't want to discuss a new superintendent; they wanted to excoriate the board for having shoved Scott out the door.

Sister Mary Bush, indomitable on one leg, set the tone. Scott, she said, "took it like Jesus Christ. . . A new broom sweeps clean but an old broom knows the way. . . We have made three steps forward, why go back? . . . Let's be like a tree by the water — steadfast. . . Dr. Scott don't need to worry. Long as he's got King Jesus he don't need anyone else."

Mary Alice Martin followed a few witnesses later. She told the board: "I know none of you know as much as you profess to know." Why, she asked were we worrying about a new

(Please turn to page 8)

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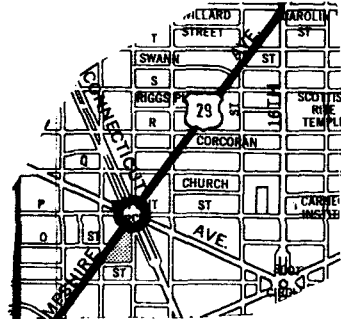
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THE CHANGING CITY

New highrise

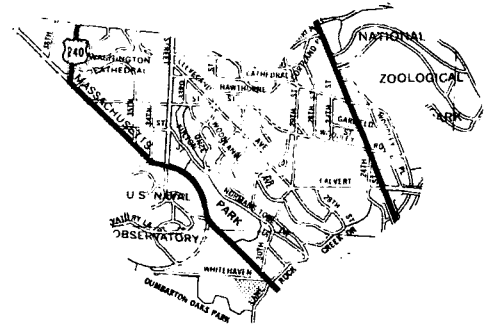
THE big boys must all be on spring vacation in the Bahamas for things have been relatively quiet in DC this past fortnight. Here's our report on the biggest game in town: land.

A. The Dupont Circle Joint Venture has applied to the Zoning Commission for permission to construct a planned unit development on the south side of Dupont Circle. The building would



be 130 feet in height and a zoning change is required. The hearing is on April 25 at 10 am in room 500 of the District Building.

B. The Republic of Italy wants to build a chancery and embassy off Massachusetts and Whitehaven St. NW. The case comes up before the



Zoning Commission on April 25 at 10 am in room 500 of the District Building.

C. Ground has been broken for some 40 new townhouses at the corner of 1st & K NW. The houses, called the Golden Rule Center, are being built under the Northwest Urban Renewal Plan.

D. A consulting firm has proposed major exterior changes to the central downtown of F and G Streets — a \$30 million project that calls for a galleria, fountains, parks, exhibitions, cafes and outdoor shops. The firm got \$500,000 for the job although many of the ideas could have been obtained for free long ago by the city government by just asking around.

E. Would you believe another gas station for Adams-Morgan? This time it's the National Baptist Memorial Church that is negotiating with Texaco to put up a station on the southwest corner of Mozart Street and Columbia Road. The church says that "all profits will be used for church programs that benefit the community."

F. A 64-year old building at 1150 Conn. Ave. is being razed to make way for a 12-story office building.

G. Dalmo has closed its store on F Street and moved to the suburbs.



GROUND has been broken for a new Boy Scout headquarters at Wisc. Ave. and Cedar Lane NW.

H. The City Council advisory committee on industrial development is taking a close look at several hundred acres of Penn Central land that would provide an opportunity for development (and jobs) without disrupting anyone for a change.

LETTERS

BEEF ADDICTION

WE should boycott beef all right, but not for only a week and not in order to lower prices. From the standpoint of world equity and public policy it would be better to boycott beef until prices are raised, to internalize (1) the environmental costs of overgrazing Western grasslands; and (2) the social costs of depriving other peoples of the valuable vegetable protein we feed to our beef cattle.

In a number of third-world countries soybeans are a major crop. For feeding the protein starved people, right? Wrong. To export for feeding the overstuffed American livestock. And beef has the worst protein conversion efficiency rate of any form of livestock. You have to feed a steer 21.4 pounds of protein to produce 1 pound of protein for human consumption. (compare hogs at 8.3 pounds fed per pound produced; and chickens at 5.5) To put it another way, every pound of beef you don't eat means 21.4 pounds of vegetable protein which you, or many others, could eat instead.

Why support a boycott which will only en-

sconce us more firmly at the top of the food chain, ultimately aimed only at pandering to American's addiction to beef by making it cheaper? Why not something that will help us kick the habit instead?

BICKEY S. DODGE
Capitol Hill

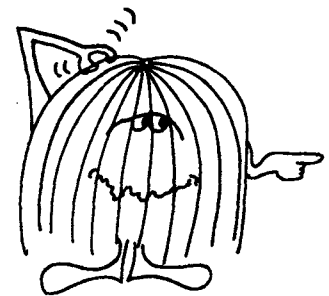
COMPUTER YELLOW PAGES

A FEW of us have begun work to service the information needs of people in Washington and the surrounding region. With access to computer time, we are planning and hoping to bring together people, sources of information, and information needs and develop a system for finding out where to ask questions and get answers on local and regional matters — a kind of two-way, computer-based "yellow pages."

We would like to meet and talk with people seeking or gathering information on community; people with other information needs and resources; people with computer and information systems experience; people involved in community change and other projects; people with time, money, resources to help move this effort forward; people who are just curious.

We plan to meet with those who are interested. Call with your comments, questions, or just to find out when and where we'll be meeting.

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TRAFFIC CONT'D

South bound traffic out of the city is starting to back up. Sig leans back and tells Chuck, "There's Four Mile Run..." and his voice drops off and is lost to me. Sig points down to the right and Chuck nods. The police radio keeps rasping metallic messages and Chuck gets on the radio to the people down at WMAL. They tell him he'll be on in 30 seconds.

Our airspeed is about 70 knots and at 500 feet we buzz over an empty drive-in movie. Without the white screen at one end it would look like a shallow, gravel grey bowl.

"And now," broadcasts the announcer (we hear him on the portable) "here is Officer Chuck MacDonald with the afternoon traffic report." Chuck cuts off the portable and with his upper lip pressed against the round mike he starts to speak. I can remember having heard the traffic report from somewhere in the middle of a giant tie-up. It's a nice change to watch the report being given and flying freely over the whole mess. Chuck warns drivers to try and avoid the big back-up along Route 7 and Seminary Road, around the disaster scene.

From Virginia we head north towards the river and off to our left front, National Cathedral stands clearly in the distance. We chucka-chucka over the green Potomac where two crews, rowing their long, thin shells, look like many legged water bugs swimming through the water.

His feet on two steel pedals and right hand on a long, black control stick, Sig flies the craft up river, alongside the G.W. Parkway. We dip to the right and head back down river passing Georgetown and students lying on the lawn. Above the haughty Watergate and its massive curves.

Swoosh over Kennedy Center and off to the right a big jet eases down over the river and into National. Southwest we fly, past monuments, the tidal basin, Maine Avenue and the boards. A pink sky to our front, we head further south over grey industrial complexes and dirty barges tied up along the river.

Police radio reports an accident and in half a minute we are there. Sig points down to a truck that has smashed into a light pole and highway divider. Sharp turn and your horizon slants making you feel like you're riding a crazy carnival ride. Below, red vested motorcycle police are on the scene. Chuck is soon on the air again and he reports the accident which is backing up 295.

Sig relights his pipe and we fly over empty RFK stadium. Police Radio blurts, "We're going to have to lift this dump truck up and



PHOTO BY GEORGE MASTERS

out. We have some cranes coming down... ." Chuck can't hear WMAL at all so we are going to have to land and get the radio repaired.

Below, a black, rail streaked train yard. The sun, reflects off the Potomac and we turn on to a north west heading. Over Rock Creek Park, past tall red and white radio towers and a sick green golf course with amoeba shaped sand traps. Sig begins to bring us down and my ears stop up. I swallow a few times and the plugging feeling goes away. A hard turn puts us on our side and we continue the descent. A large field of cut, dry brown grass, some small radio towers and a red brick radio station. Gentle landing and we all get out, walking away from the plane crouched over so as not to lose our heads. A young, mustached technician, with a tool box in his hand goes out to the craft to work his radio magic.

In fifteen minutes the radio is fixed, we are back in and buckled up ready to go. Chucka-chucka-chucka across the field and out over the trees. WMAL is back on the air - "Give your cold to Contac" sings a jingle. Police radio squawks something unimportant to us and over the blue-green river, we follow its wide southern curve.

Thirty years of flying has sun browned and

squint lined Sig Lunds face. Pipe in his teeth he surveys the land below and gently guides the chopper along the river's course. Up here the river doesn't look dirty at all. Down by the Jefferson Memorial we tilt in a sharp left bank. A small private jet goes whipping over the river into National and listening to music way up here in our sun heated bubble I am comfortable and happy. Down there everything looks so small and easy to understand.

Checking the Virginia side, Chuck makes another traffic report while I stare at the Pentagon and its enormous size. Sig tells us the choppers were kicked out of the disaster area because they were raising dust and making too much noise. Rescuers were trying to listen for the sounds of any survivors. Westbound on Shirley Highway is crowded but going east is a breeze. A pale sun begins to sink in the haze and a lone, red suited figure runs a black oval track.

Another chopper appears and is level with us. We face each other a hundred yards apart and he looks like a big mosquito, hovering there 400 feet in the air. Below us, the Virginia land is jammed with houses and apartments. We move off across the crowded city and

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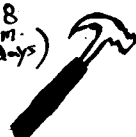
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Chuck calls in another report. Everybody is leaving work and it is the start of a weekend. Roads leading out of the city are full.

Down Wisconsin towards the Cathedral we are eye level with the blinking red light on a tall radio tower. Sig takes us in a criss cross pattern over the city checking streets and highways. Above fat warehouses and dirty tracks that run near New York Avenue we turn and whirl over a big yellow engine pulling a long-steel snake but our speed and freedom soon leave it behind.

A disabled auto on the East Capitol Street bridge backs up traffic and Chuck reports it on his next broadcast. The time is 4:45 and in the early dusk a big destroyer has moved out into the river and as she gets underway a trail of blue-grey smoke rises into the haze. Up and across the Maryland line we follow west bound traffic on the beltway. Cars run to the falling sun and slices the low lying clouds.

On the radio, Simon and Garfunkle, "It's the same old story, everywhere I go, I get slandered, libeled, I hear words I never heard in the bible, well I'm so tired..." Very peaceful up here. I can see the blur of our chopper blades and below, car and city lights start to shine.

Sig turns to me and points down at two tall apartment buildings. "Those people might start thinking about moving," Chuck explains that the same company who built these two apartments is the company who had the collapse today. I look down and nod. News come in over the radio that six people are dead and twenty have been injured out at Baileys Crossroads. Next item - American ambassador to Sudan, his deputy and a Belgian foreign service officer have been executed by Arab terrorists.

Sun, down and away, pink clouds are left to welcome the night. In darkening dusk we pass over thousands of Arlington grave stones. The flag flaps quietly on the Iwo Jima statue. A last run over the Roosevelt, Memorial and 14th Street Bridges and as Washington really starts to light up, Chuck makes his last traffic report and we head back to the hanger. A landing jet whistles in behind us and we drop down over a large-white cross painted on the hard surface.

A RECENT decision by a United States Court of Appeals declared unconstitutional zoning laws in New York, Connecticut and Vermont which prohibit groups of more than two persons from occupying residences in an area zoned for family occupancy. The decision was prompted by a suit filed by the owner of a house rented to two State University of New York students. The decision maintained, "Although local communities are given wide latitude in achieving legitimate zoning needs, they cannot, under the mask of zoning ordinances, impose social preference of this character upon their fellow citizens."

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ARTICLES: Less than 1000 words are most desirable. Subjects may include city politics and living, national affairs, art comment and criticism, and how to get along in modern urban life.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

ANDREA O. COHEN

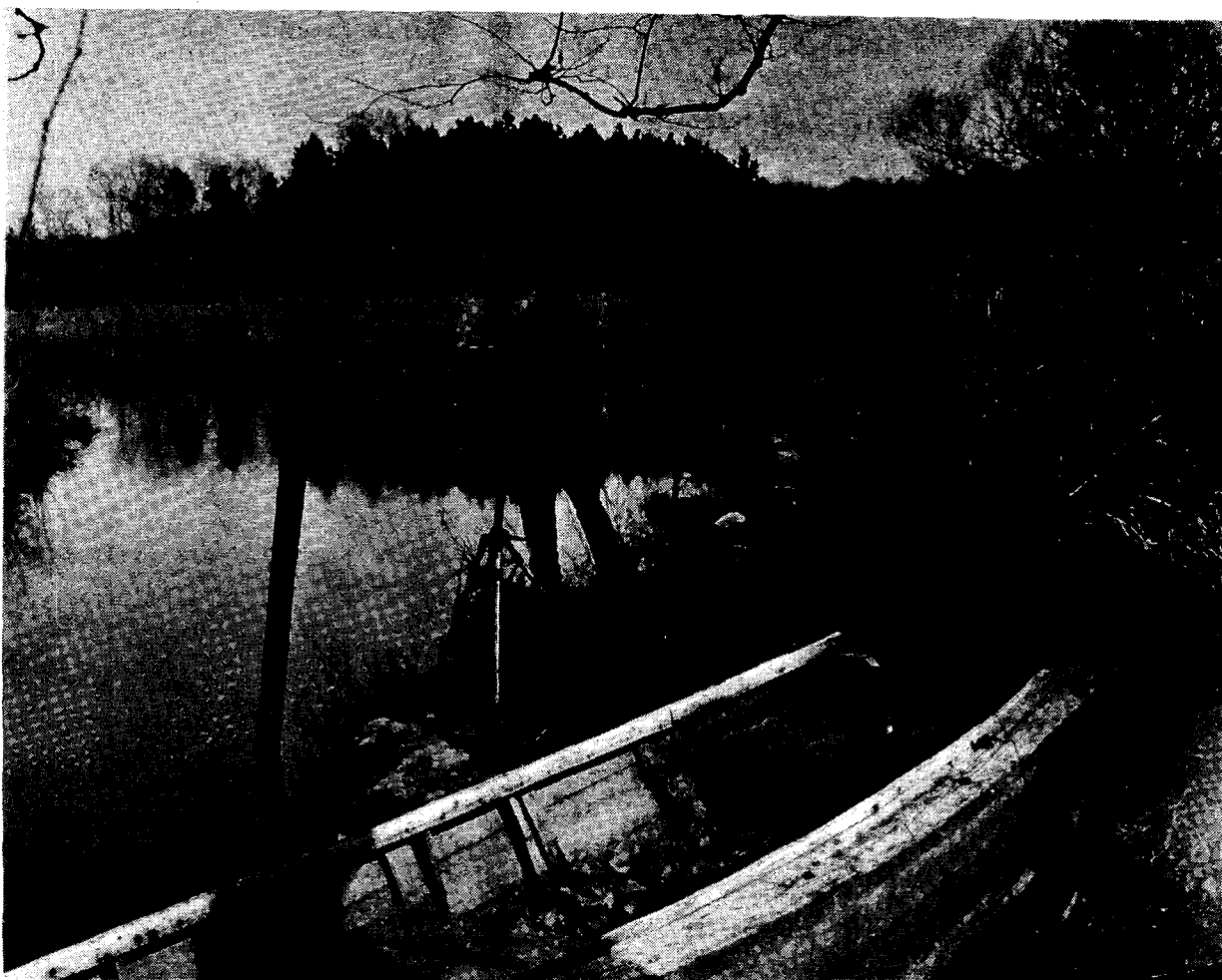
YEARS and years ago, an old man — Bennett Long was his name — thought he could start a town on Maryland's Eastern Shore between Princess Ann and Chrisfield by just building a hotel, some houses and a railroad station. Trouble is people never came to fill it out and make a real place of it.

A year and a half ago, however, Steve Szabo, a Washington photographer, was attracted to this non-town now called Westover, and his current photography show at the Phillips Collection is all about this gaunt and stark, yet beautiful and scruffy area where he has lived since quitting his job as a Washington Post staff photographer a year ago last November.

Thirty-two year old Szabo worked for the Post for some five years and liked it, but left because he felt he had gotten all he could from the experience. He wanted to devote full-time to art photography, now, and not have to "look back with regret later." He was also disillusioned with material values and consumer culture, and has avoided marriage in part because he didn't want the kind of life which involves "a house in the suburbs with two and a half children by the age of 27."

Among other things Szabo is a romantic who likes to sail and so set out for Maryland's Eastern Shore in November of '71 to photodocument the Skipjack Fleet, the last collection of sail-powered fishing vessels in the US. A Post reporter had begun a book about the fleet, but died before finishing it. Szabo read it and everything else he could find about the Skipjack Fleet, settled in an old house in Westover, and only then discovered the fleet was not stationed in this area, but in Cambridge. So he ended up spending the last year and a half exploring and then photographically recording the deteriorating truck farming and oystering area around Westover.

Szabo roamed the countryside in work clothes and an old VW, not looking for anything specific. "I'd walk around and live with things and one day see a special and unique quality about something I passed many times, and say, 'that's important,' for one reason or another." Among those things, to be seen in the Phillips, are such as a broken old shoe by an ancient barn, a sundrenched woodland scene, an old car seen through a church window, two rocks planted in clover, and a decaying old mansion sinking into the swamp. He uses platinum process-



sing to print his work, which is one of the oldest and most laborious of printing methods, and gives a unique, sharp, silvery surface with the greatest possible tonal scale and the least possible glare. Szabo says he gets irritated because the first thing people notice is the process he uses, but he works with it only because it records his particular vision most accurately and beautifully. He has tried to eliminate everything but the image including overwhelming composition and all gimmicks.

"I started to understand my subject matter in a kind of spiritual way," he says, and the longer he was away from his old ways of doing things the more his attitudes changed. At first Szabo would find himself listening for the phone to ring while sitting outdoors; he has no phone. He'd feel guilty relaxing "until I found that work for its own sake was a waste of time. . . People in this country live in the past or future," he says. "They live for the weekend, the vacation, retirement, instead of one day at a time in the present." Szabo says he's learned to eliminate the city hassles

from his life and is as happy as he's ever been. The fact of existing justifies itself; even the photography is an extra, he claims.

How does he live? "As cheaply as possible; I had some savings and eat a lot of chicken," he says. He gets free lodging in a big old and (in the winter) cold house for taking care of it. It's decorated simply, mostly with found things. A photograph of a dignified old Negro woman hangs on one wall, which Szabo bought at an antique store for 50¢, while the owner was wondering aloud "who would want a picture of an old nigger woman?"

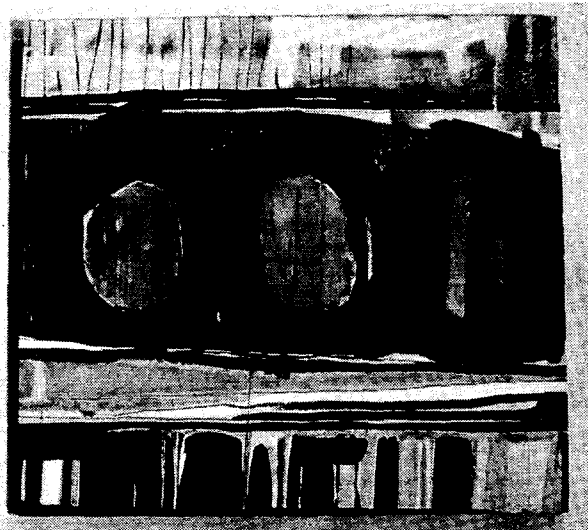
"Shows," says Szabo, "are just ego trips" which he's tried to eliminate from his life. Maybe so, but he is probably the most successful art photographer in town and has shown more than any other. Although he is not hungry for approval, his success plus the facts that he has been working toward a show and on a book certainly help sustain him in his new and sometimes lonely lifestyle. He will return to Washington this summer to finish his present project. What then? Who knows.

FILM

JOEL E. SIEGEL

'The Long Goodbye'

I BELIEVE it was Pauline Kael who started the myth about Robert Altman's directorial "genius." It will be interesting to watch her squirm out of defending his latest effort, *The Long Goodbye*. Altman's films, which include *That Cold Day in the Park*, *M*A*S*H*, *Brewster McCloud*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and *Images*, are marked by a love of fussy, sometimes lyrical, photographic effects, a self-indulgence which permits actors to improvise their own dialogue and situations, a fear, and possibly, hatred, of women, and an all-pervasive but nonetheless superficial nihilism. When his movies work, it seems to be fluky luck: something in the script (*M*A*S*H*) or in the photographic style (*Images*, still unseen locally) seems to inspire the cast and impose some sort of discipline. When luck fails, the results can be, at best, as tiresome and pretentious



PATTI BURRIS AT TALKING OF MICHELANGELO

as *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and, at worst, as outright disgusting as *Brewster McCloud*. Part of the problem may have to do with drugs. I have read interviews with three different Altman actors who talked about how pleasant it is to work for the director, and how much dope is smoked during shooting. A friend of mine, who loves movies and dope equally, tells me that Altman's pictures, especially *Brewster McCloud*, are head movies and should not be approached unstoned. Maybe so. Dope makes just about

everything better, but it also affects one's senses of timing and taste. Considering the deadly pacing and overall sourness of *Brewster McCloud*, one might conclude that smoking and filmmaking are pastimes best left separated.

The Long Goodbye, an adaptation of one of Raymond Chandler's celebrated Philip Marlowe detective novels, is just another muzzy, limp, pothead improvisation. Reportedly, seventy per cent of the film was improvised and, although improvisation may be a great source of inspiration and depth in many kinds of movies, it just doesn't work with mysteries. Leigh Brackett (who, with William Faulkner and Jules Furthman, wrote the screenplay for Chandler's *The Big Sleep*) has provided what must have been a taut, appropriately cynical, private eye yarn about Los Angeles corruption. Altman directs the screenplay so loosely and from the outtakes, that the real movie has somehow been lost. From the outset, a scratchy recording of "Hooray For Hollywood" (a blatant heist, by the way from Paul Mazursky's superb, shamefully neglected *Alex in Wonderland*), it's clear that Altman is out to "demythologize" (read: destroy) Philip Marlowe, who was played most memorably by Bogart in *The Big Sleep* and Dick Powell in *Farewell My Lovely*. Chandler's Marlowe is clever and cynical, moving through a depraved world but always maintaining a personal code of honor. (French intellectuals used to praise the "existential" elements of Chandler's books.) Altman's Marlowe is Elliott Gould, beyond which little comment is required. This "now" Marlowe

is a bumbling ass, the dupe of every scheme and schemer, who ends up every bit as degenerate as the world in which he moves. Gould is less scruffy than he was prior to his movie hiatus two years ago, but his acting is as eccentric as ever. A combination of goofiness and saintly self-importance, Gould's Marlowe comes out looking like Jerry Lewis playing Francis of Assisi. There's no evidence that Altman has provided any supervision, apart from suggesting that Gould try to say "shit" at least once per sentence.

One must look hard to find even a passable performance in the film. Nina van Pallandt is even more beautiful than her newspaper photos, but she acts for Altman about as admirably as she did for Clifford Irving. Sterling Hayden, as a dried-up, sub-Hemingway type, chews up miles of coastal scenery and is just dreadful. Jim Bouton, the baseball player turned tattletale, fluffs the five lines he's been given. Little Henry Gibson, from "Laugh-In," takes all honors as a sinister figure Hounding Hayden and he's welcome to them.

Much of *The Long Goodbye*, shot by Altman's frequent collaborator, cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond, is good to look at, particularly the odd, atmospheric locations in Malibu and the Hollywood Hills, but, as usual, there are far too many show-offy effects, reflection shots, pointless tracks and zooms. The camera dogs the heels of the actors but to no purpose, because nothing's happening. Otherwise the characteristic Altman "touches" are in evidence — alternation of exploited female nudity and misogyny, sophomoric profanity, an idiotic shot of dogs screwing in a Mexican village and, something new for the director, a bit of expertly executed, but quite gratuitous violence.

The one thing I really like about the picture is the funny John Williams-Johnny Mercer soundtrack. They have written a title song which is used in every possible style and orchestration — sung over the credits (by Mercer himself, I think), as canned music in a supermarket, in jazz and full string arrangements, even by a Mexican street band during a funeral.

When Gould rings Pallandt's doorbell, it chimes the first four notes of the song. This send up of the Hollywood title-tune mania is just subtle and good-natured enough to be funny, and is a nice song besides. *The Long Goodbye* is, evidently, filled with any number of private jokes, but the musical one is the only one to come across to the uninitiated.

Empty as it is, *The Long Goodbye* isn't really awful: with all of that corruption (before and behind the camera) and violence and California tinselled-horror, it's certainly watchable. People who defend the picture will probably see it as an indictment of American decadence. I suspect that's how Altman wants it to be taken, but what a drab, inexpressive portrait of decay when compared to, say, any weekly visit with the Loud family. Rather than an analysis of decadence, *The Long Goodbye* strikes me as yet another instance of it. Here is a man given several million dollars to do whatever he wants, and the most he can come up with is this feeble stuff.

CHUCK STONE ON GORDON PARKS

WHEN Gordon Parks was directing the film, "Shaft," he was hassled daily by a few of his colleagues about the star of the movie, John Shaft, wearing a mustache.

"They were against it," said the director-photographer-author-poet-playwright.

"They didn't know why and couldn't verbalize it, but black mustaches show too much masculinity. Think about it," he said smiling. "Before 'Shaft,' did you ever see a black man with a mustache in a movie?"

What about beards, like in "Green Pastures"? "Oh, sure," he nodded, "Those Uncle Tom beards were safe. The grandfather image is not threatening."

"But the studio heads supported me and I won my fight to keep Shaft's mustache. Once I pointed out to my colleagues what was implicit in their protest, they stopped."

Parks was in Philadelphia for a public lecture. In his sardined round-robin of appointments, we managed to squeeze in a luncheon at the University of Pennsylvania Faculty Club.

With his greying mustache and modishly long black hair, Parks could easily pass for a leading man in one of his own movies.

At 60 years, he is what might be termed an authentic renaissance man. After a distinguished career as a "Life" photographer, he wrote a book, "The Learning Tree," and broke Hollywood's color barrier to become its first black director, directing a film based on his book.

After "Tree," came the Ossie Davis-directed "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and, of course, the \$20-million success, "Shaft."

"What made 'Shaft' successful was that for the first time, black kids had a black hero," said Parks. "Here's a guy who was kicking ass. They needed it since they'd been pushed around visually so long."

He impatiently dismisses the criticisms of black films.

"First of all, they should each be judged on their individual merits. Not as 'black films.' Secondly, when people scream about violence, they forget about James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Richard Widmark, 'The Godfather' and James Bond, who does nothing but chase broads and cars."

"White people feel very safe with what I call the 'Hallelujah' films."

"Like 'Sounder'?" I asked.

He laughed softly. "You know, I went to 'Sounder' with my 23-year-old son. I was profoundly shaken about it and cried in all the right places."

"When we came out, my son said, 'Young people aren't going to come to see this crap. Take my wife to see a loser? No way! I'm not concerned about the past. I'm worried about today and the present.'"

But what about the problem of the lawbreaking hero in "Superfly"? Again he laughed. "My son directed that one and I advised him not to. The last gross was \$15 million. I was lending them money every week to finish the film."

Parks' son's comment about the element of the black loser hasn't been lost on the white cinematic power structure.

"Have you noticed the black films that have been nominated for Academy Awards? They're all about black losers." He began ticking them off

on his fingers — "Lady Sings the Blues". . . "Sounder."

"They're both beautiful films and I enjoyed them tremendously, especially Cecily Tyson's sensitive portrayal."

"But the message being communicated is: If you want an 'Oscar' stop beating us up," he said with a sly grin.

Parks views the movie industry's new attitude toward black filmmaking as determined almost solely by the profit motive.

"They're not out to do good deeds. They're practical businessmen. That little old lady who wears flowers in her hat and is a stockholder may not like black films, but she likes the dividends they pay on her stock. It's a business industry. Box office makes the decisions."

"Black people who criticize black films ought to put their money where their mouths are and invest in black films."

Already having completed two more books and three volumes of poetry, Parks on a "Mash" type film about two "super cops," blacks in the cast. Next year, he will begin directing a major historical film, "Sarajevo," starring Peter O'Toole, about the assassination of the Austrian archduke. True professionalism knows no color lines. "We mustn't ghetto-ize ourselves," he said.

Do black and white films have different value systems? "When I was young, back in Kansas," he replied, "I was taught that when the Indians won, it was a massacre. But when the whites won, they always put down the massacre. Black films today are addressing themselves to those subjective distinctions."

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SOUNDS

BIRD OF FIRE: The Mahavishnu Orchestra
Columbia KC 31996

LET'S make another one just like the other one," John McLaughlin must've said as the sessions for *Birds of Fire* began, for there's certainly no denying that the Mahavishnu Orchestra's latest offering is a twin to *The Inner Mounting Flame* that preceded it. Now don't get me wrong, I'm hardly implying that this is your run-of-the-mill recanting of overworked themes; nay, the former LP had such an overabundance of unexplored ideas that at least two albums of out-takes alone wouldn't be the slightest bit boring or redundant. McLaughlin and friends produce rich stuff, simultaneously subtle and direct, and intriguing enough that even the fiftieth listening reveals something new and fascinating.

Jazz or rock? Just what is McLaughlin's music? Well, the workings of the Mahavishnu Orchestra are so complex and multi-dimensional that anyone who claims to fully understand what's going on is either a genius or a liar. At last glance I was neither, but if I had my druthers I'd call it a super-frenzied jazz, the music you'd expect at a Miles Davis concert if the band were stricken with diarrhea while performing. But for all its incredible frenzy, never does their music venture near disjointedness. Much as was the case with Cream in its heyday, the flailing and wailing fit together as if magically interwoven with the thinnest of rhythmic threads.

Though the idiom may be jazz, the dynamic soloing is every bit as explosive as the heaviest rock group's bossest licks. These guys go much farther than cooking — they boil over and vaporize! Like in "One Word," where everybody gets his chops up front. They start off with the familiar strains of Devotion's "Dragon Song," but go on from there to breathe an even hotter fire than the original's scorcher. The counter-riffing of McLaughlin's guitar, Jan Hammer's moog synthesizer, and Jerry Goodman's wah-wah violin form a sonic cross-fire of deadly intensity, with notes streaking from speaker to speaker like tracer bullets in a pitch-black sky. All the while Billy Cobham and Rick Laird prove conclusively that a rhythm section needn't be monotonously riffy to do its job well. In all, a smashing success, and the album's got seemingly endless hours of comparable nirvana — if I described them all this review would end on page 63. *Birds of Fire* has some comparatively calm moments too ("Sanctuary," "Resolution" and the pacific "Thousand Island Park"), proving, I guess, that even gnomes, gremlins, and meteors occasionally turn introspective.

Not since the days of the Hendrix Experience have I encountered such a dynamically electric band, one that makes its forceful electricity an integral component of its performance. They're loud as hell, and frenzied as a hurricane, but most importantly the Mahavishnu Orchestra is roughly a trillion times more talented than your average heavy-metal heavers. So don't let those Walled Lake wiseasses convince you that "MahaOrk" is a bunch of whimpering Jesus freaks. McLaughlin's been places those dudes will never think of going!

— GORDON FLETCHER

THE GRATEFUL DEAD: EUROPE 72
Warner Bros.: 3WC 3668

THIS album is a disappointment. It's one of those cases where a three-record set could have been made into a much better single disc package.

The music, for the most part, is jerky and monotonous. It rolls from side to side with no high points, no interesting riffs or textures. The drums are continually out of time with the rest of the band, almost as though the drum tracks were recorded separately and randomly miss-matched. Audience reaction, which normally enhances the dimension and excitement of a live recording, is completely edited out of this one. It leaves one with the impression that this is either a bunch of studio jams, or that the 3 or 4 people who came to each of the concerts sat in the back row and fell asleep.

The Dead are as much a myth as they are a

band. The folder of pictures included in the package gives the impression of staid olde Europe getting a shot of rock'n'roll from America's top hip band. In reality, Europe, particularly the north where the Dead toured, is a whole lot hipper than most of this country.



On the good side, Jerry Garcia's guitar work is incredible throughout. The band itself scores much lower although Elmore James "It Hurts Me too" and "Ramble On Rose" on side three are particularly listenable. A ten minute version of "Morning Dew" on side six is also worth noting.

Dead freaks will be happy that, on the whole, the album is expertly recorded and produced. However, if the man with the scissors, instead of cutting the applause, would have cut the set down to a single disc, the album would be a lot better for it.

— BILL YENNE/AFS

SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN C MAJOR: Franz Schmidt
London Records CS 6747

FOLLOWING closely upon the release in this country of the Symphony No. 7 by Allan Petterson on London Records, this same company has given us another equally surprising and unknown work, the Symphony No. 4 in C Major by the Viennese composer Franz Schmidt. The release is London Record CS 6747 and is conducted by Zubin Mehta with the Vienna Philharmonic.

Schmidt is the last composer of the Viennese School of symphonic writing. The school contains such men as Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Bruckner and Mahler. The Schmidt 4th is in the tradition of those mentioned although even more intense and chromatic. Schmidt was born in Pressburg in 1874 and died in Vienna in 1939. In his youth he was very gifted and studied for a short time with Bruckner. He played the cello under Mahler in the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Poor health forced him to give up playing and made him devote most of his latter years to composition. His life had its share of grief — his wife died in a mental institution and it was after the death of his daughter that he composed Symphony No. 4 in 1933.

For a symphony whose stated tonality is C Major, a great deal takes place musically. The work, although essentially romantic, does have the 20th century flavor of intensity and intelligence in its harmonic structure. It is a tragic work. It is a beautiful work. The entire symphony is built from the haunting trumpet melody that begins and ends the work. It is a masterpiece of strict symphonic form and development. It is an extension of Bruckner and Mahler. Indeed, the adagio, the central movement of the composition, most certainly would have pleased Bruckner himself.

Schmidt did not compose a great deal of music. There are four symphonies, two piano concerti, a few short orchestral works and a fairly substantial body of chamber music. He also composed the opera *Notre Dame* from which we hear interludes today. Probably his greatest work is the oratorio *The Book of The Seven Seals*, based on the revelation of St. John.

— PETER KERMANI/Washington Park Spirit

SCHOOLS CONT'D

superintendent when have a "just, decent, educated person at hand."

"He's doing a lot more than you people are doing." Then she asked the committee, "Do any of you have a college degree in education, psychology or physiology?"

There was a silence from the front of the Presidential Building board room interrupted by a male voice saying, "I do. I have a degree in education." The place broke up. It was Al Rosenfield. Ms. Martin finished her testimony.

A white minister named Jessie Thomas suggested that what the city needed was a dollar-a-year man — "a Cincinnatus type who would leave his plow — really an ombudsman." He went on at some length reviewing past acquaintances and past history all with less than a tangential connection to the subject. He was finally encouraged to sit down and he left the committee with the thought that "our problems are primarily spiritual."

It was back to the black Coalition for Better Education and they kept the floor for the rest of the evening. Ms. Ruth Goodwin almost didn't give it up. She threatened to stay at the mike until she got some straight answers from board members. The members seemed primarily interested in keeping as quiet as possible. But trying to hide at a podium is difficult and Ms. Goodwin let them have it. "This board is embarked on a treacherous and potentially destructive course," she warned, "You got to give us a guarantee that we won't get someone inferior." She relinquished her position saying, "Every person in this life is allowed one tragic and severe mistake. This has to be yours."

The Rev. Andrew Allen, listing himself as from the Committee of the Masses, was equally perturbed. He told Marion Barry that "There are a lot of people waiting for you to mess up this situation so they can't say we're not fit to govern. You're doing a very ugly job for this city."

Chester Thompson followed. "Is the board," he asked, "being used so that you might have a congressional seat or a senatorial seat at the expense of the children?"

Barry asked Thompson what qualities the board should look for in a new superintendent. "I'm not prepared to answer that question at this time."

Well, what has Scott done well that the board should seek in another applicant?

"I wouldn't attempt to answer your question. I don't know all the things he's done."

Next came the melliferous Bill Johnson, host of a talk show on gospel station WUST and a one-time Upper NE candidate. Johnson maintained that 99% of those calling into his show said yes in response to a question as to whether Scott had done a creditable job. It was, he argued, a "waste of time and money to seek out a man who can do as well. Now is not the time for change."

School board member Charles Cassell wanted to know what qualities Scott had that he and his listeners admired.

Replied Johnson: "I'm not an expert on education and neither are you, Mr. Cassell. They feel Scott has done a creditable job."

A student went to the microphone. Another Scott supporter. Looking at Barry she asked, "What are you doing to build?" From the back of the room came an older voice: "And a child shall lead them."

Cassell asked: "What has happened in the past three years that commends the incumbent?"

Student: "I've been handed a list of his achievement and goals," and she proceeded to read from a list that included improvement of the schools' financial situation, educational services, addition of four learning centers and the first improvement in test scores.

It was the first time anyone had defended Scott in specific terms and unfortunately her list sounded rather directly and belatedly derived from the Presidential Building. For the rest of those testifying on Scott's behalf, it was a matter of faith — and of holding on to

what you've got lest in reaching for something better you lose it. The witnesses were people who had spent their life in service — to the church, to employers, to the state, to power in whatever guise it confronted them. In their steadfastness they perceive a certain nobility that the reality of their situation has denied them. Seeing no opportunity to alter their situation they worship and magnify its name. "Glory to Inertia in the Highest," the choir shouts as they stand with Michigan Park Gothic rectitude in the path of change. In their theological politics, it is not hard for Scott to be transfigured into a savior crucified by an elected rabble; and for the simplest acts of democracy — questioning, debating, voting — to become the work of demons.

It is, of course, a major part of Walter Fauntroy's base — the electorate that prays together stays in power. But it's also the sort of constituency that Nixon found and one he's using now to chop away at those institutions — the press, Congress — in which a modicum of skepticism remains. Nixon wants to be the first of the infallible presidents — not in the sense of doing no wrong but merely being immune from its revelation or consequences. His power rests on the firm foundation of a nation taught and preached servility from Lamond Riggs to Santa Barbara. It is not that far from the presidency to the Presidential Building. A strong president, a strong mayor, a strong police chief, a strong superintendent, a happy family, a safe nation. Those who question are the enemy; not that which they question. Ask not, want not.

A few days before the board committee meeting, I was reading the evening newspaper on the bus. An elderly man, dressed in black, leaned over my shoulder and asked me whether I enjoyed newspapers. I told him I did. He said, "You know, I never read the newspaper. I give all my time to the church. Sometimes I think I ought to find out what's in them. Maybe I spend too much time reading the Bible."

I half expected that man to show up at the meeting. He didn't. But then he had begun to doubt.

U.S. AID to Cambodia, which totaled about \$300 million in 1972, included such items as a shipment of pink bidets (toilets) and other bathroom fixtures. In a government report made public recently by Sen. William Fulbright, an Agency for International Development report stated that \$10,000 was spent on bathroom fixtures in 1972. The report stated that "...bidets may be considered a necessity by highborn and foreign educated Cambodians..." Commenting on the fact that while Federal funds for sewer and water projects at home have been refused, tax money is supplying pink toilets in Cambodia, Sen. Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee exclaimed, "It boggles the mind."

— AFS

A BRITISH Aircraft Corporation (BAC) supersonic concorde jet recently flew into the Portuguese colony of Angola (in Southern Africa) displaying the flag of MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola), an anti-Portuguese liberation movement. Spokesmen for the BAC stated, "The crew honestly thought they were flying the flag of Angola." A spokesman for BAC apologized to the Portuguese government for this error. Angola, which is considered by the Portuguese to be a province of Portugal, has no flag of its own. Who is to blame for the error has not been disclosed yet. — AFS



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PAUL KRASSNER

IT turns out that the reason Mark Spitz refused to do a public service TV spot on venereal disease was because he felt this would not only have been condoning pre-marital sex, but he also would have been, in effect, encouraging it.

Susan Lydon, writing about Spitz in The New York Times, mentioned that "up close he seemed to project little power or sexual magnetism; he was just another pretty face."

This isn't surprising in view of the direction in which his parents originally set his libido. You don't become a record-breaking swimming champion at the age of 10 without learning the fine art of sublimation as a prerequisite.

No wonder Washington Redskins coach George Allen insists that "Losing is like dying," and Little League coaches across the country pass the slogan along as though they were attempting to bridge the value gap with a latterday Shazam!

Dr. Thomas Tutko, psychology professor at California State University in San Jose, has studied 40,000 athletes, and concludes that hero worship of Olympic and professional athletic stars has so twisted public notions of winning and losing that millions of children have been "sacrificed and wasted."

But how else could a modern kid grow up to be the President, unable to admit you've lost a war, and turning off whatever awareness tries to creep in by turning on the stereo late at night to simultaneously scramble the wiretappers and enjoy the progressive music of David Cassidy?

It was no accident that as this Partridge dropping's bubblegum-rock star rose, he would end up letting himself be persuaded to do a commercial for the Air Force.

David Cassidy and Mark Spitz were born under the same sign: Manipulation.

"Mark is one of my robots," said his early trainer, George Haines. "You have to program all his races."

If you want to know a little bit about the political power behind Mark Spitz, you have to go back just a dozen years, to the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, led by Fred Schwarz, a dentist and Protestant lay evangelist.

Life — an overground magazine you may still recall — charged in its September 1, 1961 issue that Schwarz "preached doomsday by communism in 1973 unless every American starts distrusting his neighbor."

However, at a Crusade rally in Hollywood Bowl on October 16th of that year, Life publisher C. D. Jackson apologized: "I believe we were wrong and I'm profoundly sorry."

His sorrow was so profound that he licked their ass and joined 'em too: "It's a great privilege to be here tonight to align Life



"OH, SWELL—DICK NIXON OF THE WASHINGTON REDSKINS AGAIN!"

magazine with Senator Dodd, Representative Judd, Dr. Schwarz and the rest of these implacable fighters."

Their union was an act of premature necrophilia.

And Time didn't even report it under "Transactions." Or is it "Milestones?" All those newsweeklies look alike.

The Hollywood rally was shown on television in New York over WPIX. The Journal-American reported that "Edmund Burke of the station" had said, "All that is necessary for the forces of evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing."

CBS news analyst Charles Collingwood called up WPIX and asked to speak to Edmund Burke. He was told: "We have nobody here by that name. Why don't you try WNEW?"

The Realist was three years old then, and Life magazine offered me \$1000 per piece to write for them. There would be no restrictions, I was assured, except for bad taste. I asked if my writing about the above incident concerning their publisher would be considered in bad taste. They said, why, yes, it would. I never did get around to writing anything for them.

An editorial in the San Fernando Sun at the time described a private party at which "George Murphy, celebrated song and dance man, and organizer of the recent Hollywood anti-communist rally. . .told with relish how he made Henry Luce come crawling to him on his hands and knees. Mr. Murphy was referring to C.D. Jackson's apology, at the Hollywood rally, for Life's criticism of Dr. Fred Schwarz."

Murphy was boasting about how he had persuaded three advertisers, who were all obviously larger than Life, either to threaten or actually to withdraw their ads. Two of the three advertisers were Richfield Oil and Schick Razors, both of whom sponsored the Schwarz rally.

The third advertiser was Technicolor, which was controlled by Patrick Frawley, who also controls Schick.

Patrick Frawley is the force behind Dare to Be Great, a course in aggressive selling technique that features the worst aspects of Scientology and McDonald's Hamburgers combined.

And, while Glenn Turner compensated his harelip into a fortune, Mark Spitz backstroked his way from Munich to become the clerk at your

(Please turn to page 17)

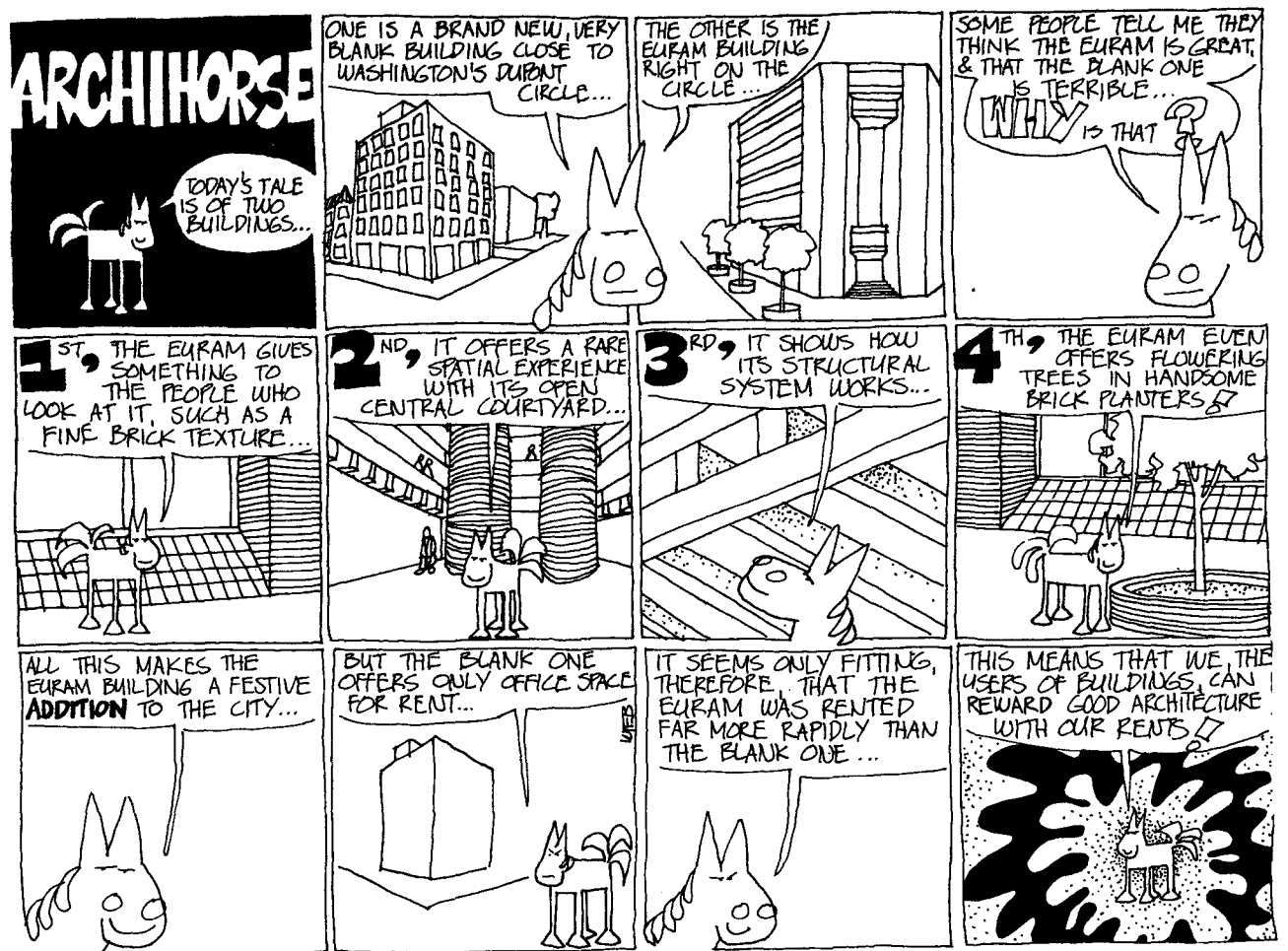
BOOKS BY GAZETTE WRITERS

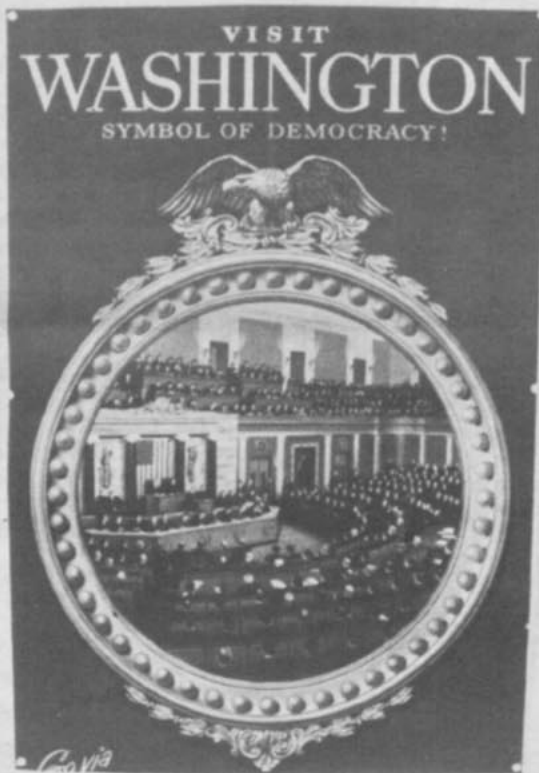
JOEL SIEGEL
VAL LEWTON: THE REALITY OF TERROR. Viking Press, 1973. \$6.95 hardback, \$2.75 paperback. Available at Discount Books, Brentano's and the Nickelodeon.

JAMES RIDGEWAY
THE LAST PLAY: THE STRUGGLE TO MONOPOLIZE THE WORLD'S ENERGY RESOURCES. Dutton 1973. \$10.

CHUCK STONE
TELL IT LIKE IT IS. Trident 1968
BLACK POLITICAL POWER IN AMERICA. Bobbs-Merrill 1968 hardback; Dell 1969 paperback.
KING STRUT. Bobbs-Merrill 1970.

PAUL KRASSNER
HOW A SATIRICAL EDITOR BECAME A YIPPIE CONSPIRATOR IN TEN EASY YEARS. \$7 from Main PO Box 4027, San Francisco, CA 94101
THE REALIST. Published monthly. \$3 a year from Main PO Box 4027, San Francisco, CA 94101.





f-STOP

ROLAND FR

CUBANS IN FLORIDA





34 GOOD THINGS TO DO

THE CITY

STREET VENDOR HEARING

On April 19 at 10 am the City Council will hold a hearing on street vending regulations. This looks like the beginning of an attack on street vendors such as those in Georgetown, a suspicion given credence by the wording of the notice: "The purpose of the hearing will be to gather facts on the relationship of street vending to local residents, businesses, shoppers and tourists. The Economic Development, Manpower and Labor Committee is concerned that existing District regulations on street vending be supportive to the legitimate economic interests of all District citizens. Increased street vending in certain commercial areas has prompted some public concern about the adequacy of the existing street vending regulations on which the Committee invites testimony." To testify on behalf of keeping free enterprise on the streets where it belongs, call Ms. Tommi Pleasure (638-2223 or 629-3806) no later than noon April 18.

FIGHTING THE ANTI-POVERTY SLASHES

The Coalition for Survival, which is leading the fight locally against the cutbacks in the anti-poverty program, meets every Thursday evening. Call Virginia Scharfenberg at 547-8880 for details as to time and place.

SQUARE-DANCING AND LATIN ROCK

The Children's Free Community is having a different sort of benefit April 14 from 7 to 1. The program will range from square dancing with Fast Flying Vestibule and Peggy Borgers to Latin rock with Zapata. In addition, the Ed Hayes children's puppet show will be on hand. Tickets are \$3 at Earthworks and Community Book Shop. Dinner will be from 7 to 8. Info: 387-4861 or 232-4966.

THE NATION

SAFEGWAY SUES CHAVEZ

Safeway Stores, which has been buying lettuce from the Teamsters who have a sweetheart contract with the lettuce growers, has now sued the United Farm Workers, the Interfaith Committee to Aid Farmworkers and various individuals for \$150,000,000 in damages. To find out the address of your nearest Giant store call 341-4100.

ATTICA SUMMER

Attica defense committees are calling for volunteers to come to upstate New York this summer to perform many services on behalf of the now sixty indicted Attica Brothers.

The Attica rebellion's bloody conclusion was described in the official report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica (known as the McKay Commission) thusly:

Forty-three citizens of New York State died at Attica Correctional Facility between September 9 and 13, 1971. Thirty-nine of that number were killed and more than eighty others were wounded by gunfire during the fifteen minutes it took the State Police to retake the prison on September 13. With the exception of Indian massacres in the late nineteenth century, the State Police assault which ended the four day prison uprising was the bloodiest one-day encounter between Americans since the Civil War. . .

Last December 18, a "special" Attica grand jury handed down thirty-seven indictments - all of them against prisoners, who are accused of crimes ranging from murder to "promoting prison contraband." Not one state official, trooper or prison guard has been indicted for so much as assault. These indictments are only the first batch. The grand jury is



still meeting regularly and is expected to further indict in the coming months.

In anticipation of the gargantuan tasks of attempting to prepare for the trials, Attica Legal Defense is calling for an Attica Summer in upstate New York.

Since the trials will probably be held in cities such as Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse, far away from even New York City lawyers, few of the nationwide trial lawyers and legal workers will be able to totally prepare for the battle.

Attica Summer is designed to fill that vacuum.

The committee advises that the volunteers cannot be paid for lack of funds but are requested to attempt to fundraise for themselves. The committee will provide a place to live, gas money, and hopes to be able to provide food. Since the office will be in a rural community, those with cars will be given preference.

The work of the volunteers will include reading, analyzing, cross-indexing and even computerizing the extensive written evidence on the rebellion; map-making, investigating, interviewing, court work, jury research and much more.

Needed are: lawyers, law students and legal workers; private investigators; computer programmers; writers and public-relations workers; typists; interviewers; map, chart and model makers; general researchers of books, newspapers, etc.; jury panel researchers; and sociologists for prejudice surveys on jury panels.

Attica Summer will begin June 18. A minimum three week commitment is required; a six week commitment desired. No time commitment is required for lawyers or 3rd year law students who will have access to the Brothers in prison.

Attica Summer will operate under tight discipline; both because of the seriousness of the penalties facing the Brothers, and the anticipated hostility of local police and community residents. As a result, all drugs (including pot) and weapons are barred. Anyone breaching security will be required to leave.

Attica Legal Defense asks all potential volunteers to write, giving a resume, availability of a car, number of weeks committed, when and special skills, if any. Even for those who cannot come, the A.L.D. requests those who nevertheless wish to help by organizing support for the Brothers in their community (including recruiting for the summer program, arranging speaking engagements, and fundraising) to write also.

All volunteers should write to: Don Jelinek, Legal Coordinator for Attica Legal Defense, 2437 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, California 94704. After June 1st, write Don at: Attica Legal Defense, P. O. Box 384, Auburn, New York 13021.

PHILIP STERN ON CHINA

Philip Stern has just returned from China and will be talking about his experiences there on April 13 at 8 pm at American University. The talk will take place in the Ward Circle Building, Lower Level/Room 2 and free parking is available.

SANE NATIONAL CONFERENCE

SANE meets at the Sheraton Silver Spring on April 28-29 for a national conference on "How Can the People Control the President and His Pentagon?" Info: 546-4868.

THINGS TO BOYCOTT

SHELL PRODUCTS, Farah slacks, Safeway, beef and lamb.

THE MOTSU MATTER

MOTSU stands for the Military Ocean Terminal at Sunny Point, N.C. According to a Navy public information officer, "MOTSU ships world-wide in response to requirements, whoever they might be." During the Vietnam War, the terminal's "whoever" included one million tons of munitions yearly to Indochina, one-third of all munitions shipped. Now, with the war supposedly over and a "lasting peace" at hand, MOTSU is being expanded. A coalition of peace groups is planning a demonstration at the terminal on April 15 involving an attempt to have clothing and blankets shipped instead of bombs. For more, call Sue Snider, state coordinator, MOTSU Project, 4500 Kerley Rd, Durham, NC, (489-0330)

NEIGHBORHOODS

CAPITOL HILL

Country Fair, City Style, to take place along Capitol Hill's Market Row, promises to be the best Market Day in eleven years. Circle-on-the-Hill's annual street festival benefit for Friendship House, a settlement house and poverty program with a 69-year history, is planned for Sunday, April 29, from noon to six p.m. on 7th Street, SE at Pennsylvania Ave.

Co-Chairmen Judy and Dom Monahan and Connie Brooks expect over 50 craftsmen to participate. The traditional bake sale and "household treasures" booths will attract many, as will a wide array of children's activities. Animals from Oxon Hill Farm will be on hand, as well as a mini-carousel. There will be live entertainment and an art show/sale and a sidewalk cafe.

The Area 5 Neighborhood Arts Council will have their art show and sale at the Market Five Gallery; located at the north end of the Eastern Market.

Volunteers are needed to work on Market Day. Any donations of baked goods and items for the white elephant sale would be much appreciated. Info: 547-8880.

GEORGETOWN

The 45th annual Georgetown Garden tour will take place on April 28 from 11 to 5.

The tour is for the benefit of the Georgetown Children's House, a day-care center for children from low-income families.

Sixteen different Georgetown gardens will be shown, from a garden featuring a Chagall mural to a three-part garden which includes a vest-pocket wood, a tennis court and a hillside of wildflowers.

Among the gardens to be shown are those of the Averill Harrimans, the Joseph Alsops, the High Jacobsons, the Cuthbert Trains, the Robert Shackletons and Fitzhugh Green.

Tickets are available at Saville Bookshop, Francis Scott Key Book Shop, the Watergate and at each garden. \$5 buys the ticket plus tea at the Children's House.

FOR CHILDREN

PAPER BAG PLAYERS

The Paper Bag players, one of the leading children's theatre troupes in the country, will appear April 11-15 at the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History Baird auditorium.

The Paper Bag Players have performed throughout the United States. They have also taped two one-hour specials for NET television. In 1968 the company appeared for the first time in London. A year later they returned to London to tape a series of 13 half-hour television shows, which have been shown in the United Kingdom, Sweden and Australia. At the invitation of the National Theatre they returned to London in 1971 for a three-week engagement at the Young Vic, where they presented "Dandelion" and again received an enthusiastic reception from the British public and press.

The April engagement will mark the second appearance of the Paper Bag Players at the Smithsonian. Show times are: April 11-13 at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., and April 14-15 at 1 and 3 p.m.

Tickets are \$2.50 children and \$3 adults, with reduced price available for Smithsonian Associates and their children. Groups are welcomed and group rates are available. For information phone the Box Office at 381-5395.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

A production of "Alice," geared especially for children, is the spring offering from Allan Stevens and Company at the Smithsonian Puppet Theatre in the Arts and Industries Building, 900 Jefferson Drive SW. It will open April 25 with previews beginning April 18. Info: 381-5395.

ARTS

ART

HANK LEVENTHOL is at the Mickelson through April 25.

THE ART OF THE CUNA INDIANS at the Textile Museum.

GROUP SHOW at the Jacobs Ladder.

THE RUSSIAN collection of impressionist painters is at the National Gallery of Art and, as you've undoubtedly heard by now, it's very good.

SHIN HIGUCHI: sculpture by a Japanese who has had eight one-man shows and whose 10' x 25' work, "The Native" is carved in a cliff at Mt. Nokogiri in Chilba, Japan. At the Franz Bader through April 14.

DRAMA

ENEMIES at the Arena. 638-6700.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM done by the Royal Shakespeare Company is at the Kennedy Center through April 21.

JACQUE BREL IS ALIVE. . .at the new Mayflower Cabaret Theater.

GODSPELL is at the Ford's through June 3. (347-6260)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST opens with previews at the Kreeger on April 27. (638-6700).

MOVIES

Traffic: Jacques Tati's quietly funny comedy about the age of the automobile. Not as uproarious as the earlier M. Hulot comedies, but chucklesome, dry and wonderful to look at.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie: Luis Bunuel's elegant, surrealist comedy of bourgeois folly and morality. Less profound than most Bunuel, but very intelligent and amusing, with a splendid performance by the sophisticated, witty Stephane Audran.

Cesar and Rosalie: Claude Sautet's film.

THE ARCHIVES' successful showings of old newsreels continues this month. Showings are at 730 pm on Thursdays and noon and 115 pm on Fridays. There will also be showings on Wednesday April 25 and May 2 at noon and 730 pm. All showings are in the National Archives Building, 7th & Penna. Ave. NW, fifth floor.

AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE SUMMER COURSE: at Kent, Conn. August 11-26. Graduate credits available. \$300. Write Tom Andrews, Kent School, Kent, Conn.

EXHIBITIONS

AFRICAN BAZAAR

Entertainment, African food and booths by local businessmen at the Anacostia Neighborhood Museum, April 14, 10-10. 2405 Martin Luther King Jr. Ave. SE.

THE HARLEM RENAISSANCE

Correspondence, literary manuscripts and photos of writers associated with the Harlem Renaissance period in the 1920s,



Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen, from the Harlem Renaissance exhibit.

among them Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen. In the Manuscript Reading Room of the Library of Congress Annex, third floor. Through June 30.

WHITE HOUSE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOW

The 30th Annual White House News Photographers Exhibit is on display in the central corridors of the Library of Congress through Sept. 7.

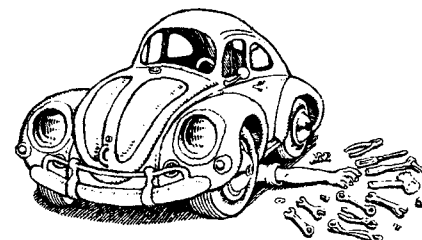
OBJECTS FOR PREPARING FOOD

More than 500 food preparation objects — old and new. At the Renwick through April 29.

SPORTS

ARBORETUM BIKE RIDE

Steve Hudak will lead a bike ride through the Arboretum on April 29. Riders will meet at Thompson's Boat House at 1230 pm and pick up others on East Capitol St.



AT AFI

In the spirit of the Incumbent, the American Film Institute withdrew the scheduled showing of "State of Siege." As we went to press a number of films listed here were being withdrawn by the producers in retaliation. To find out which call 833-9300.

****Benefit: BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON**
THE CHAPLIN REVUE
 Roberto Rossellini: **THE AGE OF THE MEDICIS** (5 hrs. with intermission)
 Abel Gance: **NAPOLEON** (6 hours with intermission)
 Joseph Anthony: **TOMORROW**
 Abel Gance: **NAPOLEON** (6 hours with intermission)
 Fredric March: **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**
 Kenji Mizoguchi: **PRINCESS YANG KWEI FEI**
 Amalie Rothschild: **NEW WOMEN NEW FILMS**
 Ed Emshwiller: **RELATIVITY** and **CHOICE CHANCE WOMAN DANCE**
 Jeremy Kagan: **THE LOVE SONG OF CHARLES FABERMAN**
 Sarah Maldoror: **SAMBIZANGA**
 Andrei Tarkovsky: **SOLARIS**
 Walt Disney **BAMBI**
 Lindsay Anderson: **O LUCKY MAN!**
****Benefit Performance: TOM SAWYER** (Eisenhower Theater)
THE LUMIERE YEARS
 H. P. Carver: **THE SILENT ENEMY** (with organ)

****Benefit Performance**

Wed. Apr. 11	9:00
Thurs. Apr. 12	6:30, 9:00
Fri. Apr. 13	6:30
Sat. Apr. 14	11:00 am
Sat. Apr. 14	6:30, 9:00
Sun. Apr. 15	1:00 pm
Sun. Apr. 15	7:30
Mon. Apr. 16	6:30, 9:00
Tues. Apr. 17	6:30
Tues. Apr. 17	9:00
Wed. Apr. 18	6:30, 9:00
Thurs. Apr. 19	6:30, 9:00
Fri. Apr. 20	6:00, 9:00
Sat. Apr. 21	2:00, 4:00
Sat. Apr. 21	6:00, 9:00
Sun. Apr. 22	4:30
Sun. Apr. 22	7:00
Sun. Apr. 22	9:00



To outsiders, The Churl (N) is the most

complicated aspect of the whole Fremont school. For instance, an example of the Churl-Churl Dialogue is:

MAUDE: You mean you do upholstery?

BESS: My skin is allergic to makeup.

MAUDE: Ain't It Awful.

BES: No-no, today: that's the Adulterer (A) Game.

MAUDE: Oh.

MAUDE finally gives up in defeat, and BESS can only decide that she is a wart (See Chart on Page 1).

Another game common in Transistor Analysis is the "Why Don't You Wet But You Can Stick That Soup." The scene takes place in a small Burbank apartment, sometime late in the 1960s. Friend (P) is wearing new fingernails, and displays a slight tic:

LITTLE GIRL (P-N-P): I hate soup.

MOTHER: (N-P-N): My Daddy has a million dollars.

LITTLE GIRL: You ick! Why don't you cook your own food?

MOTHER: Your dirty shirts make me warm.

LITTLE GIRL: I'm gettin' out of this madhouse.

THE LITTLE GIRL, it goes without saying, ended up in our clinic in Fremont. (Fig. 2) Mother is still free as of this writing.

The most controversial aspect of Transistor Analysis is what is called Crossed Transistors. This has the same effect as shorting out complex amplifying circuits to create negative feedback. For instance:

THERAPIST (A): What's your principal hang-up in life?

PATIENT (C): What in God's name do you think I am paying you \$35 an hour for, clunk-head?

THE PATIENT is obviously all crossed-up, with negative feed-back values, with a twisted apparent and a revolting Churl, and is the bane of all psychiatrist treatments. All professionals instantly recognize this sick and morbid behavior.

Indeed, it is in the patient - doctor financial relationships that Transistor Analysis may prove to be most valuable. This is where the Churl (C) comes to greatest fruition. He may interact with his apparent Ego-fulfillment (See Fig 9) to protest the professional's billings, and will thus enter into the Churl-Translation (CT) to become Cheat, Chicanery, or Chimpanzee "I'm OK You're a Chump." For example:

DOCTOR: That'll be \$350 for the weekend.

PATIENT: Stick it.

or

PATIENT: What is the meaning of a Transaction-Transistor (TTT) Relationship.

DOCTOR: You Chump. Haven't you read my book yet? (Harper & Row, \$9.95)

or

DOCTOR: Why are you hitting me?

PATIENT: Why did you hold out for the paperback rights for so long? 1.1 mill?

As we become sensitive to our own Churl, we become sensitive to the Churl in others.

SEX-TYPING DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Washington-area boys, ages 10-12, can become a "miller's son" for a day through the National Park Service's *Day in the Life* series, held each weekend at Pierce Mill in Rock Creek Park.

The program, scheduled in two sessions from noon to 2 p.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. each Saturday and Sunday, is open by reservation for boys who want to see firsthand the operations of the 19th-century grist mill by accompanying the miller on his daily chores.

Each session accommodates one boy each, who is dressed in a miller's costume as he goes about the mill.

Boys can sign-up for the program by calling Pierce Mill at 426-6908.

In another "Day in the Life" series, young girls, ages seven to 10, are taking part in "A Day in the Life of an 18th-Century Family" at Old Stone House in Georgetown.

Its popularity is apparent — over 1,000 youngsters have participated since its inception in late 1971, and the program is now booked with participants through the winter of 1974.

Visitors, however, can watch the girls during the program, which takes place from 1-5 p.m. each Saturday and Sunday. Girls make hand-dipped candles, learn quilting, bake Virginia wafers and have a chance to make pomander balls as was done in the 1700's.

— National Park Service news release

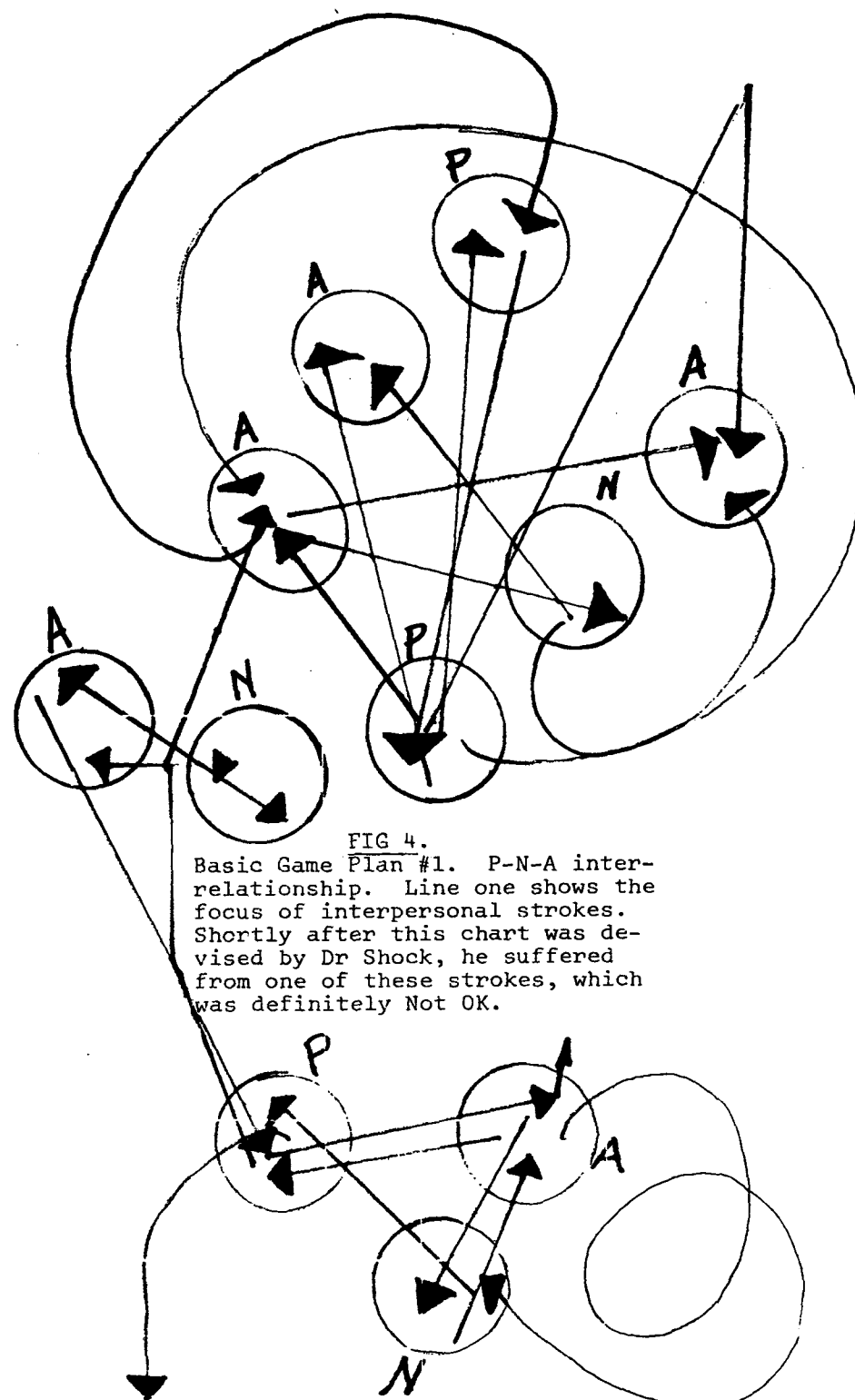


FIG 4.

Basic Game Plan #1. P-N-A inter-relationship. Line one shows the focus of interpersonal strokes. Shortly after this chart was devised by Dr Shock, he suffered from one of these strokes, which was definitely Not OK.

This is also called "You're OK, I'm OK, But My Old Man Is a Turnip."

STIMULUS: Do you know why mummie stuck me with the stupid name Stimulus?

RESPONSE: It's better than being called Sisypus.

STIMULUS: Or Response. . .

RESPONSE: I'm OK, You're OK, But Get Your Hand Off My Fly.

This is also called a Complimentary Transistor, as the two are complimenting each other. Stroking, or caressing Response's fly, is neither Churl nor Apparent — and is hardly Adultery.

Finally, there is the emergence of the negative stroke, or the Sans Scrit. If Response (See Above) spits and claws his way through life, spitting on his Stimulus, then he is without his own handwriting on the wall, or is literally Sans Scrit (Fig 6B). This leads to the following dialogue:

LITTLE GIRL(P): What kind of chocolate do you have in your car, Sir?

SISTER: Does the good fairy bring money to cats?

DIRTY OLD MAN: I'm gettin' outta this nut house!

STIMULUS: I think I'm in the wrong dialogue.

RESPONSE: Let's go to bed.

DIRTY OLD MAN: That's my line.

LITTLE GIRL: I still want to hear about this famous chocolate of yours. Is it imported?

SISTER: Wait a minute: you be OK this time and I'll be the turnip.

STIMULUS: We paid \$350 at the weekend clinic for this already?

RESPONSE: I still want to go to bed.

LITTLE GIRL: Emergency, Emergency! Buzzy (the cat) lost his tooth.

DIRTY OLD MAN: I'll Emergency you if you don't open the frigging door.

SISTER: Have you ever heard of the Vice Squad (VS), Jack?

LITTLE GIRL: But if you get down on your knees and kiss Buzzy I won't tell my Parent.

SISTER: Tee-hee. She is apparent.

The exchanges above show transition transistor analysis at its fullest fruit. Each of the participants seem drawn into the example for no apparent reason — yet they all have something to contribute to the whole. The Dirty Old Man, at the end, might be called a Child-contaminated Adulterer hoping to block-out the Parents. Little Girl is apparently no Little Girl, but a 60-year old witch in disguise, playing "Now I've Got You, You Son of a Bitch." There is no apparent Response to Stimulus, and Response might as well be out whistling Dixie.

Transistor Analysis is no easy sister (or System) to get into. One cannot read a 267 page book and hope to understand something as complicated, strange and devious as the human mind. However, this Apparent (P) does not stop transistor analysis from becoming a goldmine (GM) for those who pretend to plumb the arcane depths of men's minds and come up with the conclusion that everyone and his brother will buy a book that pretends to understand all those Ns, As, and Ps.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

New coordinating, lobbying effort to support community action. If you believe in what CAP has meant, give CAT a hand in clerical work. . . data collection and analysis. . . communications. . . network building.

Communities in Action Together
1717 Mass. Ave. NW DC 200036

Call for appointment: 667-5106.

JOHN COYNE & TOM HEBERT

Learning from matchbooks

MIKE Farrell is a young friend of ours. We met him a couple of years ago at the University of Maryland Book Exchange. Mike's father had been a Marine Tech sergeant bumping from base to base and forever taking correspondence courses.

Mike's father had taken about 20 courses, both military and civilian ones after he retired. He was always sending in matchbook covers with their tiny applications. A salesperson would call but Mike's father wouldn't be in, ever.

He just wanted the catalog to see if the school was accredited by the National Home Study Council. Then he'd study it for a week, and ask the family if they were up for it; they'd agree, sign the contract and everyone would wait for the first lesson.

Mike — who has a brother and a sister — said he grew up with an unfinished course always on the dining room table. Little pieces of electronic gear, a mortise and tenon joint from the carpentry course, a chair half-upholstered, an accounting lesson in a motel management course, or a book about being a detective.

All of it was fantasy and sometimes a waste of money, because if the course wasn't fun, the family would quit, thereby losing the application fee and the first installment of the tuition. But that didn't happen often because Mike's father was a relentless leader and learner.

Mike and the other children had grown up in an amazing learning environment. Transient in most schools, they nevertheless were always in school: locksmithing, bus driving, navigation, pipe fitting, boat design. The mail delivered a batch of lessons every couple of months from the private schools and every week when they took a university extension course. The most academic work they did was the winter they took a History of Warfare course from the University of Kansas.

Mike's father generally parceled out the readings, explaining that they were working against a deadline. Then he'd begin the course's first lesson, buy what materials were needed for the practical parts and get everyone involved in the project. They'd all start working on the course Sunday night and by the next Sunday the lesson would have been returned with corrections and comments from the school.

Sometimes the courses were on records, later they did a few from cassettes. When the family finally moved to Washington, D.C., Mike's father took a week of resident training at the Lewis Hotel-Motel School, completed a Lewis Correspondence course and became the security

(Please turn to page 17)

READER CHOICES

Below are recent recommendations from our readers. To send in recommendations you may clip the form below or send a letter to Gazette, 109 8th NE, DC 20002.

FICTION: "A Man About the House;" "Golden Notebook" by Doris Lessing; the Washington Post. Marriages & Infidelities (Oates); The Persian Boy (Mary Renault); Play It As It Lays (Joan Didion); Winter's Blood (John Roc; J. Edgar Hoover Speaks (James Bales)

NON-FICTION: 1. Diet For a Small Planet. 2. Living My Life (Emma Goldman); Val Lewton: The Reality of Terror (Joel Siegel); Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

The Making of Star Trek; The Wyeths: Letters of N.C. Wyeth; Suare Sun Square Moon (Paul Reps); The School in Rose Valley (Grace Rotzel); The Belle Epoque (Raymond Rudorff).

MOVIES: 1. The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie; Harder They Come. 2. La Salamandre; The Long Goodbye; Junior Bonner; Torment. Under Milkwood; Sleuth; Sounder.

RESTAURANTS: 1. Calvert Cafe; Golden Temple; 2. Meyer's Gourmet Shop near Conn. & Nebraska; Donut Shop, 18th & Columbia NW ("Breakfast/lunch are great"); Shanghai Gardens; Roy Rogers, Wisc. & Van Ness NW.

Anna Marie's; Shabazz; Michelangelos; Chez Odette; Chez Francois; Gourmetisserie; Mike Palms.

GOOD PLACES TO GO SHOPPING: Nickleodeon; Earthworks, GLUT; Rosebud Antique Store, Alexandria.

Landover Mall, Martin LutherKing Co-op (1101 7th SE); Woodies; Sonny's Surplus; 2000-2300 blocks of P NW; Brentanos; 15th & G newsstand.

GOOD PLACES TO TAKE CHILDREN: 1. The Zoo. Fletchers Boathouse; Dupont Circle; Washington Cathedral close.

Parkland Bowling; Theodore Roosevelt Island; Navy Yard.

RECORDS: 1. Killing Me Softly (Roberta Flack) 2. You're So Vain (Carly Simon). 3. Prelude: Deodato; Infant Eyes (Doug Carn; Cymande; History of MGM Movie Music, Vol. 1; Toulouse Street (Double Brothers); Doctor Hook; Ry Cooder; Tea for Tillman (Cat Stevens); Back Home Again (Lee Wiley); Gentle Eyes (Art Farmer); All My Choices (Mary Travers); Winter Consort.

Love Train; Barbra Streisand at the Forum; Electric Company; Clair (Percy Faith); Don't Shoot Me (Elton John); Back Stabbers (The V-Jays); Rock of Ages; Demons in Disguise; Brahms Double Concerto (Columbia); Ives's Second Symphony; Morning Star (Herbert Laws); Shaft (Isaac Hayes); Music for Zen Meditation (Tony Scott); Bless the Child (Billie Holiday).

RADIO PROGRAMS: WGTB ("all 24 hours of it"); WHUR; Jean Sheperd(WETA)

All Things Considered (WAMU & WETA); John Dildine & Folk Music (WAMU); WHFS; Rides USA (WGTB); Jerry Phillips (WHUR); Soul Brothers (WOL); Ecology & the Environment (WAMU); Rock & Roll Revival (WGTB); Country Road (WAMU); Metropolitan Opera (WGMS); Gunsmoke (WAMU).

TV PROGRAMS: 1. Sanford & Son; Agronsky & Co. 2. Jack Paar Tonight; Abott & Costello Movies on Channel 20; Kung Fu; Sesame Street; Julia Child.

Comedy News; All In The Family; Mary Tyler Moore; Aviation Weather.

BARS: Charing Cross.

OTHER COMMENTS: "Not having a TV set has given me so much time to spare after working 60 plus hours a week — time for people, parties, books, myself, joy!"

"Washington Theater Chamber Players does great concerts."

NEW NUMBERS

HERE'S A LIST of some important telephone numbers that have been either added or changed since our last Guide Supplement came out:

DC STATEHOOD PARTY
PO BOX 1175 DC 20013 543-4680

AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT
847 Colfax St., Denver Colo 303-222-1581

ATTICA BROTHERS DEFENSE FUND
c/o Buffalo Challenger, 1301 Fillmore St., Buffalo NY 14211

TIN HORN
Washington Area Free University
1724 20th NW 20009 387-5437

GRACE CHURCH
1041 Wisc. Ave. NW 20007 333-7100

AMAZING GRACE SURVIVAL REVIVAL
Grace Church, 1041 Wisc. NW 20007 338-3114

MOVEMENT SPEAKERS
1736 R NW 20009

CONGRESSIONAL BLACK CAUCUS
c/o Hon. Louis Stokes, 315 Cannon Bldg.
DC 20515 CA4-3121

MARIJUANA INFORMATION TRANSFER
2154 Marathon St. Los Angeles CA 90026

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF THEATER ARTS
1724 20th NW 20009 232-5959

SWITCHBOARD
c/o Grace Church 1041 Wisc. Ave. 20007
387-5800

DC COMMITTEE TO REBUILD NWRO
P.O. Box 19423 20036 889-5484

COALITION FOR SURVIVAL
619 D SE 20003 547-8880

MAYFLOWER CABERET THEATRE
Mayflower Hotel 638-7004

BE YOUR OWN CRITIC

BE YOUR OWN CRITIC and help other Gazette readers find the good things in life. Fill out as much of this form as you reasonably can and mail to DC Gazette, 109 8th NE 20002.

BEST FICTION READ RECENTLY.....

BEST NON-FICTION READ RECENTLY.....

BEST MOVIE SEEN RECENTLY.....

BEST RESTAURANTS.....

GOOD PLACES TO GO SHOPPING.....

GOOD PLACES TO TAKE CHILDREN.....

FAVORITE CURRENT RECORDS OR ALBUMS.....

FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAMS.....

FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS.....

COMMENTS OR ADDITIONAL LISTINGS.....

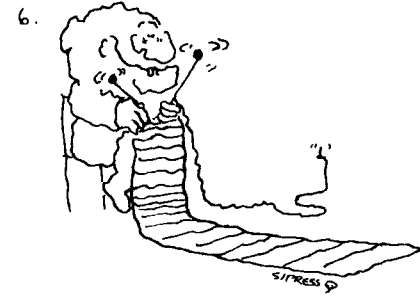
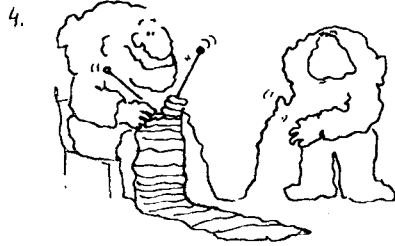
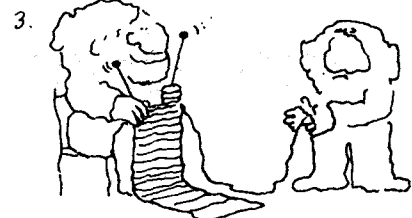
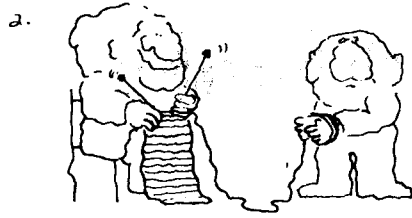
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\$1 a column inch
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FOR MORE INFORMATION call the Gazette at 543-5850 or write 109 8th St. NE DC 20002.



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COURSE CONT'D

director in a large D.C. hotel. Mike and his brother and sister went on to college, probably to get away from all that home study.

There are over 700 home study schools in the United States offering over 18,000 courses. They enroll between three and four million students. The average course has 52 lessons and costs from \$200 and \$500. (University courses have 20 lessons and cost about \$50, plus books.)

Most people bog down in the first lesson and get discouraged, never finishing the course. However, after one finishes the first lesson, with family help it's possible to do four a week end and everyone learns. The university courses encourage you to phone your instructor at specified times to talk things over. The commercial courses will call you if they don't hear from you.

The Directory of Accredited Private Home Study Schools can be obtained from: National Home Study Council, 1601 18th Street NW, DC 20009. The Guide to Independent Study Through Correspondence Instruction, which costs 75 cents, is obtained from: National University Extension Association, Suite 360, 1 Dupont Circle, DC 20036.

—CPS

KRASSNER CONT'D

neighborhood pharmacy with an embarrassing stain on his smock.

Spitz says that he chose Schick because they have such a high level of integrity.

He must feel the same way about the milk industry.

The Associated Milk Producers, Inc. — a cooperative with more than 30,000 member farms in 20 states — managed to squeeze \$325,000 — right pasteurize through 68 different committees for the re-election of Richard Nixon and/or the bugging of the Watergate.

Ralph Nader's Public Citizens, Inc. had charged that the Nixon administration raised government milk support prices as a payoff for the donation.

But that isn't the reason the slogan was changed from "Every body needs milk" to "Milk has something for everybody."

Wait till Mark Spitz finds out that drinking milk can cause V. D.

GI? STUDENT? BROKE?

If you earn less than \$6500 a year, you can subscribe or renew to the Gazette for just \$2. Use the form below.

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DC 20002

I earn less than \$6500 a year. Please
[] start, [] renew my subscription to
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Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

GRANDMA KLING'S RECIPES



"THIS is going to sound funny," said Mary Rotolo Schmaker, "but I had a real Italian mother. She did all the cooking; and it wasn't until I was 27 years old and finally living on my own that I had a chance to get into the kitchen. My brothers are always ready to regale friends with the story about the time my mother asked me to boil some water, and I put a pan of water in the oven."

Since then Mary's been making up for lost time. Once she'd decided that an X-ray technician who was smart enough to teach pediatric x-ray should know that you boil water on top of the stove, she's been turning out food which is raved about by everyone who comes to dinner.

Last February over 800 people came to dinner at the Brent School PTA spaghetti supper — a financial and gustatory success using Mary's spaghetti sauce made in gigantic batches by volunteers.

"The strange thing when I grew up, was that my mother very seldom cooked Italian food. My father didn't like it. We had spaghetti on Sundays because the kids liked it. Mary still likes spaghetti and cooks up large quantities of sauce, freezing what she doesn't use. The recipe for Manicotti may seem somewhat complicated, but it's not. You just have to plan ahead so that the sauce has been cooked long enough. The pasta is really an Italian crepe. Mary buys her Italian ingredients at Litteri's in the Florida Avenue Farmer's Market, purchasing her cheeses in solid chunks and grating them as she uses them.

MANICOTTI (Little Muffs)

Step 1. The sauce: Cook for at least three hours before making Manicotti

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 large cans Hunts tomato sauce | 1 pound pork-bones (or left-over meat) |
| 2 small cans tomato paste | salt and pepper to taste |
| 3 cans water for each can of tomato paste | 2 tablespoons parsley |
| 2 tablespoons olive oil | 1/2 teaspoon basil |
| 2 garlic cloves | stalk of celery |
| pinch of sugar | |

HEAT olive oil in a big pot and brown the garlic cloves. Take the garlic out, because if left in it will make the sauce bitter. Then brown the pieces of pork bone. Add the remaining ingredients and cook about three hours. Remove bones and strip of meat and add to sauce.

Step 2. The filling

- 2 pounds Ricotta
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 pound mozzarella cheese-grated
- 1/2 cup Italian Cheese-grated (Mary uses Romano, but Parmesan can be used)
- 1/4 cup parsley

MIX together. The egg acts a binder.

Step 3. The Pasta (Crepes)

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 6 eggs | 2 cups flour |
| 2 cups water | 1 teaspoon salt |

USE an electric mixer and beat all together. Let sit until foam dies down. Heat a greased frying pan or griddle and place 2 tablespoons of batter in the frying pan — one tablespoon on each side. Thin out with a teaspoon. Don't turn. When lightly browned remove and line up on a paper towel.

Step 4. Putting it together

PREHEAT oven to 350. Place part of sauce on the bottom of a large baking pan. Fill the crepes with filling, rolling them up and place on top of sauce. Cover the remaining sauce. Bake for 30 minutes covered. This can be made ahead of time and frozen. "Also," says Mary, "everybody has their own way of making the sauce; so feel free to use that."

WHAT'S HAPPENING

THE CITY

WALK-A-THON: Begins 8 am at Washington Monument, April 29, to raise money for March of Dimes. 25 mile route through NW and Montgomery County and back to Sylvan Theatre.

EDUCATION FORUM: Panels and workshops on May 12 9-430. Church of the Reformation, 212 E. Capitol St. Sponsored by Capitol Hill Citizens for Better Education.

NIXON DOCTRINE IN THE MIDDLE EAST: Talk by Joe Stork (MERIP) and Eqba Ahmed, Harrisburg 7 defendant. April 11, 730 pm, GWU Student Center, 410-415.

CRISIS OF THE ISRAELI STATE: Talk by Dr. Israel Shahak, chairman of the Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights. Alternative directions for the Middle-East. April 18, 730 pm, GWU Student Center, 402-404.

GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE: Church of the Reformation, 212 E. Capitol, April 20, noon-3. Includes tapes, slides, and five dancers under the direction of Gazette dance critic Sally Crowell.

RAISING ARCHITECTS FEES: Hearing before City Council, April 24, 10 am. To testify call Ms. Grace Permenter 629-3806 or 638-2223. Bill would raise fee from \$50 to \$100.

AGRICULTURE SUMMER SCHOOL: Classes start May 19 and cover a broad range of subjects. For bulletin call 447-4419.

POLISH-AMERICAN DAY: Poles from various places in US will provide food, folk songs and dances, and highlights of Polish-American history and culture. April 28 noon-6 at the Monument grounds.

NORTHWEST

POTLUCK SUPPER: Palisades Community Church, April 12, 630 pm.

SPANISH FESTIVAL: Georgetown Children's House, April 13, 330-5 pm.

CHILDREN'S FILMS: Cleveland Park Library on Saturdays at 1030 am and at Tenley Library at 1000 am.

NEIGHBORHOOD PLANNING COUNCIL 2: Meets at Chevy Chase Library, April 17, 730 pm.

NEIGHBORHOOD PLANNING COUNCIL 3: Meets at Eldebrooke Methodist Church at 8 pm on April 18.

POTLUCK SUPPER: Palisades Community Church, April 19, 630 pm.

EGG DECORATING: Rose Park, 11 am, April 20.

BAROQUE ARTS CHAMBER MUSIC: April 26, Chevy Chase Community Center.

SAC & DANCE: Chevy Chase Community Center, 8 pm.

ROYAL LICHETENSTEIN 1/4 RING CIRCUS: Georgetown University at noon, April 27.

ENVIRONMENTAL EXPO: Wilson High, April 28-30.

FAIR AND PARADE: Hyde School, April 29, 1230 pm.

CAPITOL EAST

LOGAN COMMUNITY SCHOOL BENEFIT: MUST Music Hall, 9th & V NW, May 12, 10 pm-2am. Cabaret featuring KCK Band. BYOL. Free set-ups and door prizes. Tickets: \$6 ahead of time; \$6.50 at door. (547-6619)

NATION

NATIONAL URBAN COALITION CONVENTION: May 30-June 1, Sheraton Park Hotel. (293-7625)

AMNESTY BUMPERSTICKERS: From Vietnam Vets Against the War, 306 W. 39th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64111. 25 assorted stickers, 15¢ each.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS: Convention, April 12-15, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. Focus will be health care organizing. (667-6277 or 232-8592)

SPECIAL ISSUE OF "AKWESASNE NOTES": Reports on the Trail of Broken Treaties and the BIA takeover in Washington last Nov. 30 tabloid pages with photos, maps, cartoons and text. 50¢ from Akwesasne Notes, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, NY 13683.

WOMENS FILMS: Can be rented (\$12-\$60) or bought from New Day Films. Woo Who? May Wilson is about woman at age of 60 who moved to NY to begin new life as sculptor. Growing Up Female documents lives of 6 women, 4 to 35, of varying backgrounds. New Day Films, 267 W. 25th St. NYC NY 10001.

NEWSLETTER ON INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM: published bimonthly by American Library Assn. 50 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$5 a year. Useful source of info about ups and downs of First Amendment freedoms in US.

MOVEMENT LITERATURE CATALOG: Covers women, runaway shops, China etc. For free catalog write United Front Press, Box 40099, San Francisco, CA 94140.

DC ARTS

DRAMA

THE BALCONY: GWU Department of Speech & Drama, through April 14 at Marvin Theatre.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR: A satiric comedy by Ben Jonson at the Folger through May 6. (Mon. dark). Tickets: 546-1222.

SCENES FROM AMERICAN LIFE: Washington Theatre Club. 466-8860.

FEAST and FIRST DRAFT open at the ASTA Facility, 1724 20th NW, on May 17. 232-5959.

ASTA PLAYWRITING WORKSHOP: Every Sun. 2 pm at the ASTA Facility, 1724 20th NW. Under direction of T.J. Camp III. Designed for authors wishing to benefit from criticism by their contemporaries. Playwright's Theater will consider plays for stage readings or full production.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY'S Mask and Bauble presents "Paradise: Lost and Found" through April 14, Thursday through Sunday at 8 p.m. It's a new musical by Louis Fantasia, rounder and conductor of the Georgetown University Symphony Orchestra. (625-4960 or 333-1789)

THE Back Alley Theatre has a feminist double bill going at its theater at 1365 Kennedy St. NW. Included are "The Independent Female," which is performed in the style of an 1890s melodrama, and "Eve Has Not Been In Paradise Yet" by Peruvian playwright Estela Luna. Back Alley performances start at 8:30 pm on Thursdays through Sunday. (723-2040)

ART

AUDREY GLASSMAN: Recent paintings, Studio Gallery, April 15-May 5. (265-1165)

ERIC RUDD: New drawings at Jefferson Place Gallery, 2000 P NW (#310).

EVALYN WARE: Vignettes of Africa. Sign of the Times, 605 56th NE. 399-3400.

JERRALD BALANCE: Paintings and plexiglass sculpture. Emerson Gallery, McLean.

GROUP SHOW: Showcase Gallery of Washington Theatre Club. Through April 22.

LEIF ERICKSON: Sculpture in bronze, wood and marble by Maryland artist Erickson. At the Venable Neslage Galleries through April 14. His first commercial exhibition.

BOB STARK: Pastels through April 28. Bob Stark Studio, 1636 Conn. Ave. NW.

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE CONCERT: April 12-May 6. DC Black Repertory Co. (291-2877)

MUSIC

MUSIC OF THE THEATRE: April 16 at Washington Theatre Club. 8 pm. Paul Hill Chorale. Tickets at Theatre Club or from PHC at 3655 Calvert NW, DC 20007

ON THE AIR

ECOLOGY AND THE HUMAN ENVIRONMENT: Sundays at 8 am, Mondays at 830 pm and Wednesdays at 830 pm. WAMU-FM

CONVERSATIONS AT CHICAGO: Sundays at 600 pm. WAMU-FM

GUNSMOKE: William Conrad stars. Sundays at 7 pm. WAMU-FM

NIGHTWATCH: Classical music through the night with Ed Merritt. Every night beginning at 1 am. WAMU-FM.

JAZZ ANTHOLOGY: Weekdays at 6 am. WAMU-FM

MORNING LINE: News & weather at 730 am. WAMU-FM

BBC SCIENCE MAGAZINE: Mondays at 2 pm. WAMU-FM.

JOHN DILDINE AND FOLK MUSIC: Saturdays at 3 pm and Mondays at 5 pm. WAMU-FM

ALTERNATIVE NEWS: "All Things Considered" weekdays at 5 pm on WETA-FM and 6 pm on WAMU-FM. . . . Alternative news on WGTB-FM at 9 am and 6 pm Mon.-Sat.

TIMEPIECE: John Merli looks at news and the arts around Washington. 730 pm weekdays. WAMU-FM.

EBONY HARVEST: Black American literature. Black literature of the 70s is the topic on April 30. Mondays at 9 pm. WAMU-FM

RECOLLECTIONS: John Hickman is a sort of one-man archives of recorded nostalgia. On April 13 his show will feature an audio chronicle of the first 25 years of TV. His program is heard Tuesdays at 1030 am and Fridays at 830 pm. WAMU-FM.

FROM THE MIDWAY: Talks from Chicago. Wednesdays at 130 pm. WAMU-FM.

MBARI-MBAYO: African music and news. Wednesdays at 5 pm and Saturdays at 2 pm. WAMU-FM

JAZZ REVISITED: Wed. 7 pm. WAMU-FM.

THE SEARCH FOR MENTAL HEALTH: Upcoming programs include "Schizophrenia" on 4/11, "Air Phobia" on 4/18 and Infantile Autism" on 4/25. Wed., 9 pm. WAMU-FM.

ONLY ONE EARTH: Environment show that will include a talk by Gunnar Myrdal on the economics of an improved environment on 4/12. Thurs., 1030 am. WAMU-FM.

SELECTED STATIONS

AM

570 WGMS: Classical
630 WMAL: Mainstream. ABC News
780 WAVA: News, news, news
1260 WWDG: Pop, local news/features
1450 WOL: Soul music and news
1500 WTOP: All news, CBS News

FM

88.5 WAMU: Eclectic. See listings
90.1 WGTB: Rock plus good features
90.9 WETA: Easy educational listening
96.3 WHUR: Howard's strong black voice
102.3 WHFS: Rock
103.5 WGMS: Classical
105.1 WAVA: News
107.3 WMAL: Rock

ROCK & ROLL: Bill Barber plays the real thing. Thurs. 5 pm. WAMU-FM

BLUEGRASS UNLIMITED: Sundays, 630 pm and Thurs. 830 pm. WAMU-FM.

FIRING LINE: Thurs. 10 pm. WAMU-FM

LEFT BANK JAZZ SOCIETY: Fri. 9 pm. WAMU-FM.

CHILDREN'S STORIES: Sat. from 6 to 8 am WAMU-FM.

COUNTRY ROAD: Country music. Sat. 8 am WAMU-FM.

BIX: The life and music of Bix Biederbecke. 5 pm Sat. WAMU-FM.

THE SCOPE OF JAZZ: Sat. at 9 pm. WAMU-FM

JERRY GRAY SHOW: Country music. Sat. 11 pm. WAMU-FM.

HARDIN & WEAVER: Weekdays WMA1-AM. 7 am.

CASPER CITRON INTERVIEWS: Noon weekdays, WETA-FM.

RADIO FREE WOMEN: Mondays 230 pm & Tuesday 630 pm. WGTB-FM

OUTERFACE: Occult & astrology. Tues. 230 pm & Thur. 630 pm. WGTB-FM

INNERFACE: DC organizations. Wed. 230 pm & Mon 630 pm. WGTB-FM

PEOPLE: John Wilson interviews. Thurs. at 230 pm & Wed. at 630 pm. WGTB-FM.

SPIRITUS CHEESE: Weekdays 3 pm. WGTB-FM.

DAILY DRUM: Black news. WHUR-FM 530 pm weekdays.

VOZ DEL BARRIO: Thurs. 7 pm. WHUR-FM.

FELIX GRANT: Jazz and pop. Weeknights 730 pm. WMA1-AM

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY: WETA: Tues 8 pm.

THE SHADOW: Mon. 8 pm WETA-FM

LONE RANGER: Wed. 8 pm WETA-FM

BOSTON POPS: Mon. 830 pm. WETA-FM.

PHILLIPS COLLECTION: Tues. 830 pm. WETA-FM.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA: Weds. 830 pm. WETA-FM.

VIENNA FESTIVAL: Thurs. 830 pm. WETA-FM

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CONCERTS: Fri. 830 pm. WETA-FM.

MOTHER EARTH NEWS: Weekdays 9 pm. WGTB-FM.

INSIDE JEAN SHEPHERD: Weeknights 1030 pm WETA-FM.

METROPOLITAN OPERA: Sat. 2 pm. WGMS

DICK CERRI SHOW: Sat.-Sun. 6 pm WETA-FM

DISC MEMORY SHOW: History of rock & roll. WGTB-FM. Sun. 9 am.

OPERA: Sun. 1 pm. WETA-FM.

HOOTENANNY: Live from the Cellar Door. WGTB-FM. Sun. at 9 pm.

I THOUGHT I HEARD BUDDY BOLDEN SAY: Classic jazz on WGTB-FM Mondays beginning at 4 (or a little later) and running 90 minutes.

AFTER HOURS: Classical music all night on WGMS AM-FM.

THE TUBE

MAKING THINGS GROW: Thalassa Cruso, the flower-power advocate, returns to stab, slice, heave, haul and scrum in her battle with plants. Wednesdays at 7 and 530 on Saturdays. (26)

FIRING LINE: William Buckley interviews. Weds. at 11 pm and Sun. at 10 pm. (26)

YOGA: Weekdays at noon (26)

SAMUEL ELIOT MORRISON: Billy Moyers takes a look at the 85-year-old prolific historian and sailor. Tues., April 17 830 pm (26)

BLACK JOURNAL: Fridays at 11 pm and Tuesdays at 930 pm. (26)

MARTIN AGRONSKY: Weeknights at 10 pm (26)

EBONY REFLECTIONS: Tuesdays at 1030 pm (26)

FRENCH CHEF: Squeeze tomatoes with Julia Childs Sundays at 830 pm, Tuesdays at 1230 pm, Wednesdays at 730 pm & Saturdays at 330 pm.

CAN SMALL BUSINESS SURVIVE? Weds. April 18 at 8 pm and Saturday April 21 at 7 pm.

THIS GUY DENENBURG: A look at Pennsylvania's controversial insurance commissioner whose bedside manner has upset the medical industry. Weds. April 18, 930 pm. (26)

RICHARD III: Acted, directed and produced by Sir Lawrence Olivier with Sir John

Gielgud and Clair Bloom helping. Thursday April 19, 8 pm. (26) Also 4/21 at 8 pm

THIRTY MINUTES WITH. . .: One of the best interview shows. Thursdays at 11 pm and Saturdays at 630 pm. (26)

EUBIE BLAKE: The 90-year-old ragtime musician talks about the old days and plays some numbers on the piano. Friday, April 20 at 7 pm. (26)

WALL STREET WEEK: Wall Street gets interesting on this program. Fridays 730 pm. (26)

WORLD PRESS: Fridays 830 pm (26)

WHATEVER: And they mean it. This open access program can produce some curious programming. Fridays 1030 pm (26)

AVIATION WEATHER: Fridays 1130 pm (26)

AMNESTY: A special live program between Viet vets and exiles using simulcasts in Boston and Toronto. April 11 at 9 pm.

ELIZABETH R: Second installment of a series starring Glenda Jackson. Mon. April 23 730 pm. (9)

WATCH YOUR CHILD/THE ME TOO SHOW. Sun. 730 am. (4)

SPKAKING FREELY: Good interviews with Edwin Newman. Sun. 8 am. (4)

DIMENSION WASHINGTON: Sun. 1130 am. (4)

MEET THE PRESS: Sun. noon. (4)

WELCOME AMIGOS: Sun. 1 pm. (4)

THE JOE PAIGE SHOW: Sun. 130 pm. (4)

CONSUMER GUIDELINES: Sun. 200 pm. (4)

VIEWPOINTS: Betti Groebli moderates. Sun. 6 pm. (4)

CBS SUNDAY NEWS: Sun. 11 pm. The last network news show before the week begins. (9)

TODAY: Weekdays. 7 am. Day after day with Frank Blair and friends. (4)

NOT FOR WOMEN ONLY: Weekdays. 9 am. Topic of week ending April 13 is "Do Successful Parents Spoil the Other Half." Guests include Ms. Richard Rodgers, the husband of Jacqueline Susann, Ms. Walter Cronkite, and children of Bert Lahr, Lucille Ball and Danny Kaye. (4)

EARLY EVENING NEWS: The best early evening news shows are WTOP's beginning at 530 pm (Cronkite at 7 pm) and WRC starting at 6 pm (NBC News at 630 pm). (4 & 9)

LATE NEWS: The best late news show is WTCG-TV's round-up at 10 pm. Half hour shows on WRC and WTOP follow at 11 pm. (5, 4, 9)

ROMAN & MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN: It's due to go off the air so you can get nostalgic about it early. Mon. at 8 pm (4)

FLIP WILSON SHOW: Thurs. 8 pm. (4)

SANFORD & SON: Fri. 8 pm (4)

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL: Rock. Fri. 1 am. (4)

360: Gwenn Thompson and guests. Sat. 1 pm (4)

TALKING WITH A GIANT: Children's program. Sat. 1230 pm. (4)

DAVID EATON SHOW: Sat. 5 pm.

THE PLACE: Local stuff. On April 12 it looks at DC facilities training people in communications. Thurs. 730 pm. (4)

CBS MORNING NEWS: 7 am. (9)

HARAMBEE: Local interviews with black focus. Weekdays 9 am. (9) Also Sun. 8 am

PANORAMA: Daily interview show. (5) noon.

BLACK ON WHITE: Clifford Alexander. Sat. 8 pm. (7)

AGRONSKY & CO.: Sun. 1130 am. (9)

WASHINGTON NEWS CONFERENCE: Sun. noon (9)

FACE THE NATION: Sun. 1230 pm (9)

WALT DISNEY: Sun. 730 pm. (4)

SIXTY MINUTES: Sun. 6 pm. (9)

BLACK OMNIBUS: Sun. 9 pm. (5)

BLACK NEWS: Sat. 1030 pm. (5)

DAVID SUSSKIND: Sat. 11 pm (5)

PERSPECTIVE: Sun. 1030 pm. Local documentaries. (4)

LACROSSE DOUBLEHEADER: Navy v. Cornell and lacrosse highlights. Sun. April 15 (26) 4 pm

ANTIQUES: George Michaels returns Sun. 4/16 with a new series on antiques. 6 pm. (26)

ZOOM: A children's show that's better than a good many of the adult ones. Sundays, 7 pm. (26)

EARTHKEEPING: This series ends April 15 with a show on how the environment affects people — based on a study of residents of Oskaloosa, Kansas. 730 pm Sundays (26)

COULD WE HAVE HAD PEACE EARLIER?: Prof. Morton Kaplan and Abram Chayes debate whether peace was possible in 1969. Sunday April 15 11 pm. (26)

FREE Classified Ads!



Ads are free to all but businesses. Business rates: 5¢ a word, \$1.00 minimum. SEND ADS TO DC GAZETTE, 109 8th St. NE, DC 20002.

FOR SALE

ACME JUICERATORS. Lowest prices in DC, Model 6001 — all stainless steel, \$100 plus 5% tax (\$105); or Model 5001 — plastic & stainless steel, \$83 plus 5% tax (\$87.15) Call 483-2471 mornings or evenings.

HOUSING WANTED

PRINCETON government summer interns need reasonably inexpensive accommodations mid-June to end August. Send listings — location, price, space available, whom to contact etc. to Newell Brown, Director Career Services, Clio Hall, Princeton NJ 08540.

JOBS

RESEARCH. Education related. Analytical, writing & interviewing skills required. Math or statistics background useful. Flexible schedule possible. Send resume to Gazette Box 8, 109 8th St. NE, DC 20002. \$10,000 salary range.

HOUSING

APRTMENT FOR SUB-LET: 1 bdrm, A/C, \$145 a month. Adams-Morgan area. 462-2138.

SERVICES

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MISC.

CONNECTION, non-profit collective, organizing co-op arts/crafts festival to run 2 Sun. a month May-Sept. at Eastern Market on the Hill. Non rip-off opportunity for artists, craftspeople and others. If interested call Mark at 546-3880.

PREVENT PET PARENTHOOD. Do not contribute to the 100,000 homeless cats & dogs that must be destroyed locally each year. Neuter & spay. It's the kindest way. Info: 424-0505 or 591-4638.

VERY LONELY in prison, age 22, and would like female correspondence. If you have open mind, write Bob Power #225340, PO Box 777, Monroe, Was. 98272.

VIRGO, 5'11", 165 pounds, W/M average, clean-cut looking college grad presently incarcerated short while yet desires fantastically beautiful, big bosomed rich woman 21 to? for correspondence now, pos-

sible marriage later. But realize if you got all that you don't need me so what you got to offer? Definitely sincere & all answered. Ed Fallis, PMB 33592, Atlanta Ga. 30315.

BIKE WANTED: 3 or 5 speed. Reasonably priced Nan at 544-8278 evenings.

WANTED: Spock-Hobson buttons from Peoples Party 1972 campaign. Price negotiable. 544-8662.

SWINGERS — Personal introductions! Five groups: "Executive," "Straight Swingers," "Over 35," "Gay Referrals," "Bi gals for couples." No forwarding fees, gals are free. Largest personal referral firm in country. Nationwide membership. Information \$1. Jill Kane, ACTION GROUPS, Box 53DA, Blawenburg NJ 08504.



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